SWITCHBLADE SISTERS

THE JEZEBELS

By

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REGISTERED:

WRITERS GUILD OF AMERICA - 1974

Property of:
J.J.J. Films

A contemporary story... "of one who loved not wisely but too well."

Othello
Act V

TIME: The Present - 1974

SETTING: A modern American city.

This screenplay is based on facts taken from police files around the country.

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FADE IN:

1 INT. LACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The blinding glint of a switchblade as it's popped open in CLOSEUP.

A pair of rough young hands carefully sharpen the blade with a piece of flint. The strokes are slow, almost loving. Then the fingers take a soft cotton cloth and shine the blade till it sparkles. The hands snap the switchblade shut.

The hands stuff the blade inside a coarse shirt, and it's now obvious that the hands and the blade belong to a girl, not a boy.

The girl is LACE, a tough, impetuous street girl of about seventeen. She's beautiful, but there's nothing soft or sweet about her. She's a pressure cooker about to explode. She has the look and confidence of a leader. But her eyes and mouth are cynical. There's something intense and frightening about Lace that she drags around with her like doom.

The RADIO is PLAYING a pop tune, and Lace hums along as she puts on her eyelashes and makeup and preens in the mirror. She's wearing tight jeans, heavy boots, and a man's work shirt. Her exaggerated makeup and her dress are her gang's trademark. She dons several jagged rings, which can double as weapons.

2 CLOSEUP - LACE

She buckles on a leather wristguard and stuffs a wooden club in her belt. As she ties on a red bandana to cover her hair, she sees a rat crawl cautiously out from beneath her bed in the mirror. She continues with her preening as the rat sniffs around the run-down, rotting bedroom. Then she slowly lowers her hand and dabs perfume on her neck. That done, she recaps the perfume and grips it in her fist.

3 NEW ANGLE

Then she turns and fires it at the rat, but the bottle shatters futilely against the wall. The RAT SQUEALS and runs back under her bed. Lace grits her teeth in frustration. Then, elsewhere in the apartment, the DOORBELL RINGS, and there are the SOUNDS of VOICES. Lace opens her bedroom door a crack and sees her MOTHER letting a big rock-like man into the apartment reluctantly.

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4 INT. LACE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A thick pink tongue wets a finger, and the finger pages through a dog-eared accounts book. The TELEVISION is BLARING. Children chatter in the b.g. A baby is crying.

5 ANGLE

The tongue and the finger belong to HAMMER, an impassive muscular collection agent. Hammer has all the warmth of a block of ice. He's a by-the-book man, thorough, efficient, and inhuman. He may have been poor once himself, and he enjoys the perverse sort of power his job entails. He likes to see people sweat; it renews his belief in his own strength. So he enjoys his job, and he's big and tough enough to see that it always gets done. At the moment, he's sitting with Lace's Mother, still an attractive woman in her thirties, despite the brood of children.

They're in the living room of a modern but decaying project-style apartment, Lace's home. The kids are huddled around the TV. The baby is in the crib against the wall. The conversation's been in progress for awhile.

MOTHER
But can't you give us one more week? Please? How can one more week hurt a big company?

HAMMER
You think I'm stupid, don't you? The rules are the rules. I didn't make 'em, I just follow 'em. Now quit stalling.

MOTHER
But my husband's been promised a job. The government's re-opening the plant! If you could just give us a little more time.

HAMMER
(sarcastic)
Yeah, sure. They're gonna lick inflation, too, only it ain't happened yet. Now, listen lady, I want $42.17 or the TV set. One or the other, and right now.

5A NEW ANGLE

Lace secretly watches Hammer and her Mother from the hallway. There's fire in her eyes.

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5B BACK TO SCENE

MOTHER
But we've already paid you more than the price in the store.

Hammer shrugs.

HAMMER
That was list price. You bought on time. Interest, collection fees, delinquent charges. It adds up, next time read the fine print.

Hammer stand up.

MOTHER
(desperate)
But I only have twenty-five. My money for food.

HAMMER
(dry)
I sympathize. I really do.

Hammer walks over to the television and yanks the plug out. The picture goes dead and the kids squeal in horror. They clutch at the set and tug at Hammer. He shoves them away.

The Mother pulls Hammer to one side.

MOTHER
Wait, please, Mr. Hammer!
(hesitates)
The children need it. Maybe... maybe we can talk about this privately... In my room.

Hammer studies the Mother closely, barely suppressing a grin at this obvious invitation. He shakes his head, rejecting the merchandise.

HAMMER
Naa, I don't think so.

He heads back for the TV. The last shred of the Mother's pride is gone.

MOTHER
All right, all right! I'll pay you, leave it alone.

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5C NEW ANGLE

Lace has seen enough, and slips quietly out the apartment door.

5D BACK TO SCENE

Hammer puts the TV set back down, smiling. The Mother fetches the money frantically, as her children whine and beg.

MOTHER
(giving him the food money)
Take it! and I hope you burn in hell!

Hammer adds the money to a huge wad in his pocket, and as he parts his coat, a pistol in a shoulder holster is revealed beneath. He smiles at the Mother.

HAMMER
(nods at crying, clutching brood)
Nice kids.

CUT TO:

6 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

The hallway's ill-lit and ugly with obscenities squirted on the walls. The firehose is unwound in a large pool of water on the floor. A doorway opens in the distance, and a voice is HEARD.

HAMMER (O.S.)
Have a nice day! See you next week!

Then Hammer emerges from Lace's apartment, straightening his clothes. He examines his money wad again, then punches the elevator button as he smiles.

The elevator doors open, and he gets in, immersed in his accounts book.

CUT TO:

7 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Hammer checks off names in his book. He thinks he's alone as the elevator slowly descends. Then he senses someone staring at him and he looks up.

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8 ANGLE

In the corner is Lace, her eyes fixed on him. She gives him a big lascivious smile. Hammer is used to some very young hustles, and smiles back, but he's got business at hand, and he can't waste time. He looks back to his book. Lace shifts closer to him, and Hammer smiles to himself cynically.

9 ANOTHER ANGLE

At the next floor, another young girl gets on. This is PATCH. We'll meet her later. Hammer looks her over, and she enjoys it, smiling back.

10 ANOTHER ANGLE

At the next floor, two more girls get on, also smiling. These two are DONUT and BUNNY. We'll meet them later. Hammer moves back in the elevator, still reading his book.

11 ANOTHER ANGLE

Another floor. More GIRLS get on. Now the Girls are standing quite close to Hammer. He's getting annoyed. He can barely move. The silence in the elevator is almost complete. Another floor, and more GIRLS get on, but they're not smiling anymore. Hammer notices a few of the girls staring at him, unblinking. He's getting unsettled.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE

Then, midway between floors, a Girl suddenly slips a switchblade from her hair and pops it open with a loud CLICK.

13 ANOTHER ANGLE

The sound's unmistakeable, and Hammer tenses, then raises his eyes. He sees the Girl cleaning her nails with the blade.

14 OMITTED

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15 ANOTHER ANGLE

He tries to reach his gun, but his arms are pinned by the crush of the Girls' bodies. Then one Girl after another CLICKS open a switchblade, and the elevator grinds to a halt between floors as a Girl hits the emergency stop button. Hammer is sweating, he doesn't know what they want. Then Lace speaks.

LACE
Give us the money.

Hammer stares at Lace hatefully.

HAMMER
Listen, you little beaver punk, You got ten seconds to open the door, or I'll beat your ass.

Lace quickly yanks Hammer's tie, choking-tight, then slices it in two with her blade. Hammer gasps for breath and pulls his fist back to strike, but the Girls pin his arms behind his back as he grunts, futilely. Patch shoves a kerchief in his mouth to gag him.

Lace picks the fat wad of greenbacks out of Hammer's pocket, keeping her knife to his throat. She notices Hammer's heat. She takes it from his holster and hefts it. Then she pockets it.

LACE
(shaking her head sagely)
What's the world coming to?

Then she grins and nods to the rest of the Girls. Hammer knows what's coming and tries to scream, but hands muffle his shout.

The girls close in around Hammer with their blades, like a pack of wolves.

how much should we

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16 FAVOR HAMMER

Hammer's eyes go frantic as the dirty work begins. He lets go with one muffled, frantic scream after another.

17 EXT. LOW INCOME AREA STREET - DAY

The tramp of heavy boots on the pavement. Lace is strutting the trash-strewn street. Her eyes are arrogant and fiery. She's top dog in the pack, and she loves it.

In the distance, a freeway and the almost futuristic, shimmering skyline of an ultramodern city. The buildings that arch above Lace as she struts, though, are decaying and falling apart. Stores are boarded up or gutted by fire. Modern apartment buildings have been ravaged by the poverty-stricken people who inhabit them. The whole area is a shell, designed for the 21st century's luxury, but defaced and scarred by the despair of the 20th.

17A ANGLE

Behind Lace, the Girls cut a swathe down the sidewalk, slicing in a tight wedge through the street people, who know enough to step aside or get stomped. The Girls are ecstatic. They're flapping and swinging Hammer's stolen, shredded clothes over their heads and chattering.

17B ANGLE

A mother hurriedly pulls her toddler out of their path. Old men look away. Voices lower as the Girls pass, and the stares are cold and fearful.

17C ANGLE

The Girls cross the street, ignoring the traffic light. As car pulls to a stop, brakes screeching:

17D ANOTHER ANGLE

DONUT
Man, did we whup his ass!

BUNNY
Shoulda cut it off.

(CONTINUED)

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17D CONTINUED:

DONUT
Only thing he's gonna be plowin' with that pecker is a band-aid.

BUNNY
Or an ice pack.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace brings her girls to a halt in front of HAITI.

(CONTINUED)

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18 CONTINUED:

Haiti is a fat black woman who's totally blind. She has a little stand filled with the silver trinkets she fashions for a living. She sits and works bits of silver with her fingers, while she hums a tune known only to herself. A tin can rests on her knee.

Lace motions her girls to be silent. She draws several coins from her pocket, and plunks them into Haiti's can. Lace winks to the other girls and waits.

19 ANGLE

Haiti smiles, stops her song and nods.

HAITI
Thank you. Is it someone I know?

Haiti fingers the coins. Her smile begins to fade.

HAITI
(continuing)
Lace.

19A ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace breaks into a delighted grin.

LACE
Haiti, tell me what you see.

The rest of the girls smile expectantly. But Haiti fingers the coins again, almost fearfully, then hurls them down at the pavement.

HAITI
Get away.

Stunned silence. Lace begins to get upset, and goes to touch Haiti, who shoves her away with a hiss.

LACE
Hey, wait a minute --

HAITI
I said get away!

Lace blows up and grabs Haiti by her dress roughly.

LACE
My money ain't good enough? Huh?
(MORE)

== Script Fly.com == (CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

LACE (CONT'D)
Now you tell me somethin', fatso!
Tell me what you see.

Haiti shakes her head, intransigent. Lace lets her go, and in a fit of rage, smashes up her table of trinkets.

Haiti is horrified, and tries to stop Lace, but the other girls hold her fast, and shove her around to make her lose her bearings.

19B NEW ANGLE

Lace and her girls strut away vindictively as Haiti gropes on the pavement for her trinkets. She shouts after Lace.

HAITI
Your man is a dead man, honey! I see black, both of you! You're ice, do you hear me, I see death!

Haiti laughs viciously.

19C NEW ANGLE

As Lace struts away, she's followed by her hatchetman -- PATCH, a girl with one eye. Patch, except for the eye wound, would be a real stunner. She's got a smooth, beautiful face and a terrific figure. If Lace allowed herself a friend, it would be Patch, whom she taunts, but trusts implicitly.

Patch, for her part, has a strong, almost unnatural attraction to Lace. Patch knows Lace very well, always has Lace's ear, and knows exactly how to play on Lace's passions to get the results she wants.

Patch wears a white patch embossed with a butterfly over her bad eye. Like the other Girls, she's heavily armed and dressed similarly to Lace. She catches Lace's attention.

PATCH
(about Haiti)
Crazy bitch. Only way Dominic's gonna croak is you catch him dipping into someone else's honey pot.

(CONTINUED)

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19C CONTINUED:

LACE
Somebody oughta slice off that snout of yours, Patch. It's gettin' kinda long.

PATCH
(shrugging)
Just keep an eye on your man, honey, or somebody else'll be walkin' out front.

LACE
Like maybe you?

Lace confronts Patch. The rest of the Girls listen tensely.

20 ANOTHER ANGLE

Patch smiles back at Lace goadingly.

LACE
No, I guess not. Big mouth and no balls.

Patch's smile fades. She's being challenged and humiliated. Lace smiles, and turns.

LACE
(continuing)
Okay, let's have some style for Dominic.

20A ANOTHER ANGLE

The Girls follow Lace across the street toward Jobo's Burger Palace, tying up traffic. Patch hangs back, steaming.

CUT TO:

21 INT. JOBO'S BURGER PALACE - DAY

The Burger Palace is a tacky, modern quick-food restaurant, and the gang hangout for the DAGGERS. There's a counter and about a dozen booths, sticky from dozens of spilled sodas. The flies are a constant nuisance.

Lace, with Haiti's biting words still in her mind, strides in the door and glances immediately for her man, DOMINIC. She sees him in a booth nearby.

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21 CONTINUED:

Dominic is about eighteen, slightly older than the other gang members, and the undisputed leader of the Daggers. Dominic is tall, goodlooking, and arrogant; a stud in tight pants and a colorful jacket. Dominic's not a bad guy, but he's aimless and not very smart. He's a good fighter, knows his turf, and balls every chick he can get his hands on behind Lace's back.

Dominic is talking with HOOK, his lieutenant. Hook is the gang diplomat and tactician. Nobody likes him except Dominic. Hook is smarter than Dom. He's also weaker, lacking the support he'd need to take over, as well as Dom's charisma.

LACE
Hey, Dom!

The Girls stroll into the Burger Palace behind Lace, as she moves toward Dom.

Bring great hair

22 ANOTHER ANGLE

It's obvious, from Dominic's first, split-second reaction, that he's no longer hot on Lace, but she's too volatile to get rid of, so he's stuck. Lace and Dominic kiss, and Dominic runs his fingertips across the nipple of Lace's breast beneath her coarse shirt.

DOMINIC
Hey, baby, you look fine.

Lace is obviously mad for Dominic, tracing her fingertips on the back of his hand as he touches her. Their eyes hold for a moment, Lace searching Dominic deeply.

LACE
I brought you something.

Dominic is interested.

DOMINIC
Yeah, what?

Lace pulls Hammer's pistol out of her pocket and hands it to Dominic, who caresses it reverently.

DOMINIC
(continuing; pleased)
Hey Jobo! A round of burgers for my girls!
(pause, to Lace)
Honey, you're one helluva fox.

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22 CONTINUED:

Lace beams. Everything she feels about Dom is intense. She'll do anything for him; he's the center of her life. And she's quite capable of killing to keep him.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Lace's Girls buzz the gang near the jukebox, exchanging greetings, JOBO, the owner of Burger Palace, makes his way toward Dominic. Jobo is a little man, the gang mascot, who's completely terrorized by his predicament. He approaches Dom as if he were being dragged to the gallows. Dom and Lace are kissing.

JOBO
Dom? Dom, you'll have to pay this time, I'm going broke. The bank turned down my loan.

Dom's eyes open and shift. He breaks off the kiss.

DOMINIC
(darkly)
Come again, squirt?

Jobo pales, but Lace gives Dom's hair a playful yank.

LACE
Leave him alone, Dom, the Debs'll pay for the burgers. It's our treat.

Lace takes the wad of cash she lifted from Hammer and pays Jobo, who ducks away with the money quickly. At that moment, a voice:

DONUT (O.S.)
If the Debs're payin', Lace, can I have two?

24 INCLUDE DONUT

Lace looks over to see Donut. Donut is the gang slavey, a soft, weak, jelly-grin girl who just seems to beg for a whack in the snout. Donut will do anything for chow. She spends half her day and all her money in the Burger Palace, and takes a stream of constant abuse from the gang Girls, especially Lace, whom she nonetheless adores.

(CONTINUED)

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24 CONTINUED:

LACE
(brushing her off)
Beat it, fatso, not now.

Lace tries to return her attention to Dominic, but Donut butts in, pouting.

DONUT
I'm hungry, Lace.

LACE
(blowing up)
Goddamn it! You're hungry, huh?

Lace yanks Donut's nostrils back like a pig's, and twists Donut's arm behind her back painfully. Donut groans.

DONUT
What'd I do, Lace? What??

LACE
Look,guys, I caught a piggy! Squeal for your supper, piggy!

Donut resists, then gives in and starts to squeal.

LACE
(continuing)
Louder!

Donut obeys.

LACE
(continuing)
Is Donut a piggy?

DONUT
Please, Lace!

LACE
Say it!

DONUT
Yes, Jesus, yes! I'm a piggy!

Lace lets her go and she collapses against the booth, whining.

LACE
(breathing hard)
Now you get nothin', understand? You can sit and watch the rest of us eat!

(MORE)

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24 CONTINUED: (2)

LACE (CONT'D)
(to the girls)
Let's sit down, I'm starved.

Lace sneers her last line at the fallen Donut, as Patch kicks Donut in the side to prod her up.

Lace winks to Dom as she walks away with her Girls.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE

As the Girls head for the booths and things quiet down, all the patrons in one block of seats quickly scramble away. This particular block belongs to the gang, and the locals know enough to make room or get stomped.

26 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Lace sits, though, she notices something wrong. A lone girl has not vacated a gang booth. She is about seventeen, with strong, striking features on a completely innocent face. This is MAGGIE. She's blithely sipping a coke and reading a movie mag. If she has noticed the patron exodus, it hasn't fazed her.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace and Patch exchange a glance, and Lace gets up and approaches Maggie's booth.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dominic and Hook are talking when Dom sees Lace's move. He taps Hook and both guys turn to watch the developing showdown more closely.

29 ANOTHER ANGLE

Maggie sees Lace coming, but doesn't deign to look up. Patch saunters in behind Lace, excited.

Lace simply leans over the booth and stares at Maggie, but Maggie keeps her cool. Lace is forced to speak first.

LACE
New around here?

(CONTINUED)

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29 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
Maybe.

LACE
Like the booth?

MAGGIE
It's okay.

Maggie settles in more comfortably. She knows what's happening, and this is a challenge. Maggie surreptitiously loosens the top on the pepper shaker.

LACE
Too bad you have to leave.

MAGGIE
Oh, yeah? Why?

Patch sees her chance to score points with Lace and butts in.

PATCH
Cause we don't like you smellin' up our booth.

Maggie looks at Patch indifferently for a moment, then simply squirts coke through her straw onto Patch's face.

30 SERIES OF ANGLES

A) As Patch pulls her blade from her jacket, Maggie smothers Patch's knife with her own heavy jacket, and simultaneously hurls pepper into Patch's good eye, blinding her.

B) Patch slices blindly with her blade, now free from Maggie's hold, but Maggie ducks and simultaneously pulls off her belt, which is really a weapon -- a chain with ball bearings attached as deadly ornaments.

C) Maggie shoves Patch backwards, lashes out with her chain belt which wraps itself around Patch's ankle. Maggie yanks the belt up, and Patch is pulled from her feet onto the floor.

D) Maggie slams her boot down onto Patch's wrist. Patch releases her knife with a howl of pain, and Maggie scoops the switchblade up into her own hand.

E) Maggie crouches back in her booth, the chain in one hand, the knife in the other, ready for anything, like a cornered animal.

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31 ANOTHER ANGLE

As soon as Patch hits the floor, the other Girls have their weapons out.

They seal off the door and surround the booth. Jobo crawls behind the counter. Only Lace stays cool. She's amazed at the spunk of Maggie.

Lace looks around at her Girls, only waiting for her word to rip the newcomer apart. Lace vacillates between respect for Maggie and the need to teach her a lesson. In b.g., Patch whines and clutches her face, crawling away from Maggie.

PATCH
The bitch! I'll kill her! Gimme the gun, Dominic! Gimme the gun!
(fierce)
Dominic!

32 CLOSEUP - DOMINIC

Dominic's been watching Maggie with interest. He intervenes.

DOMINIC
(vicious; to Patch)
Shut up!

Patch does, whimpering hatefully at Dom.

DOMINIC
(continuing; to Lace)
Give'r a break, Sugar. Don't waste your time.

33 BACK TO SCENE

Lace looks at Dominic, then turns back to Maggie.

LACE
That was a lousy trick to pull on Patch.
(admiring)
You're pretty good. Not many chicks can top her! What else can you do?

(CONTINUED)

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33 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
(defiant)
Wanna find out?

LACE
Why so angry? These guys are the Silver Daggers, and we're the Dagger Debs... What gang you with? Blades?

MAGGIE
I ain't with a gang.

Lace shakes her head.

LACE
Then how do you manage to live? People just step on you less you got muscle behind you. Everyone's gotta be in a gang.
(smiles)
It just ain't healthy to lone it.

MAGGIE
Thanks. I'll take my chances.

Lace's smile may veil admiration -- or a threat. The tension holds for a moment until, in b.g. Dominic sees something out the window.

DOMINIC
(delighted)
Hey, we got company!

Lace and Maggie turn toward the windows.

34 OMITTED

35 NEW ANGLE

Outside, a police meatwagon and a half-a-dozen patrol cars are disgorging cops in riot gear.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. JOBO'S BURGER PALACE - DAY

The gang girls and Maggie are being frisked against a wall, as the gang guys shout encouragement from the Burger Palace doorway.

(CONTINUED)

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36 CONTINUED:

Both cops wear flak jackets and helmets and scan the surrounding buildings for snipers.

36A ANOTHER ANGLE

PARKER, a tall, tough young black cop is talking with Hammer to one side. Hammer is bruised, angry, and wrapped in a blanket.

PARKER
You sure you wanna go through with this? They're minors, they'll be out in a couple of days.

HAMMER
You're damn right I'm sure, throw the fuckin' book at them!

36B NEW ANGLE

RIZZO, an older white cop who's seen it all, is frisking Maggie, who's been nabbed with the Dagger Debs. Legs spread, hands against the wall, Maggie submits to Rizzo angrily.

MAGGIE
(frustrated)
Come on, man, I didn't do nothin'. You got it all wrong. I'm not with these chicks. I don't belong here!

RIZZO
(taking her switch-blade skeptically)
Yea, yeah, my heart is breaking. Let's see the hands.

PATCH
(suddenly; to Maggie's left)
It's not so bad inside, Maggie. We'll take good care of you.

As Rizzo pulls out his handcuffs, Maggie snaps to her left. She sees Patch grin at her gleefully. Patch purses her lips in a little hateful kiss, a promise of trouble to come.

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36C ANOTHER ANGLE

Parker is frisking Lace, with Hammer looking on. Lace gives Hammer a little wink. He tenses.

LACE
(bored)
I want my lawyer.

PARKER
You're gonna need one when I get through with you, honey. I'm gonna stick to your gang like flypaper, understand? Sooner or later, I'm gonna bust your head.

LACE
What gang? No gangs around here.

Parker yanks Lace's arm out and pushes up her sleeve, revealing a tiny but elaborate DAGGER TATTOO on her forearm.

PARKER
Yea? Then what's this?

LACE
(sneer)
A birthmark.

Parker, disgusted, snaps the cuffs on her wrists.

CUT TO:

37 thru 40 OMITTED

12/4

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41 INT. JUVENILE HALL DORM - NIGHT

A deck of cards are shuffled and dealt. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Lace and Patch playing rummy on a bed. Maggie is lying on the adjacent bed, staring at the ceiling.

The dorm is a drab, institutional room of perhaps sixteen beds. Dagger Debs and non-gang girls are intermingled. They're talking and moving about freely. A RADIO is BLARING. All the girls wear ugly, Hall-issued night shifts.

LACE
(friendly; over her cards)
Cheer up, honey, you'll be out tomorrow, soon as they find out you're clean with Hammer.

A LOUD BUZZER SOUNDS. The dorm explodes with movement.

LACE
(continuing; disgusted; to Maggie)
Bedcheck.

Radios are stashed, cigarettes crushed, magazines hidden, etc. Silence falls. The girls stand more or less at attention at the ends of their beds. Maggie is flanked by Lace on one side, and Patch on the other.

LACE
(continuing)
Helps to have friends when you're inside, Maggie.

As Maggie looks at Lace, Lace jiggles a bottle of brightly colored pills in Maggie's face.

LACE
(continuing)
Want a yellowjacket?

Maggie has to grin, but just then the dorm door closes loudly.

42 NEW ANGLE

MOM SMACKLEY and TWO BIG MATRONS have entered. They immediately begin frisking the girls.

(CONTINUED)

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42 CONTINUED:

Mom is the supervising probation officer for the night shift. She's a hefty, formidable, no-nonsense woman.

MOM
Hands out front! Now I'll say this once! Somebody copped a bottle of stimulants from the medical station, and I'm going to get it back if I have to ring each one of your necks. All rec periods cancelled till the bottle turns up.

Mom and the Matrons move down the line of girls.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

As Mom slowly approaches, Patch whispers to Maggie.

PATCH
(taunting)
Look out for Mom Smackley, Mag. She's got some funny ideas.

LACE
(overhearing; a smile)
She's kinda sensitive about her weight.

PATCH
She's got a thing for new girls.

Maggie just stares at Patch coldly.

MAGGIE
Shove it.

PATCH
(diabolic)
Don't call her 'fatty'!

LACE
(overhearing)
Hey, cut it out.

Maggie and Patch continue to stare hatefully at each other. A challenge has been hurled, and Maggie will not let it pass.

== Script Fly.com ==

44 NEW ANGLE

Mom arrives at Lace. Their eyes meet. Lace is smiling arrogantly, and Mom is noticeably more cautious.

MOM
Hello, Lace, back so soon?

LACE
I missed your smiling face.

MOM
Lemme see your hands.

Lace holds out her hands -- one of which holds the missing bottle of pills. Mom looks at the bottle for a long time without touching it. Then she looks at Lace.

Mom moves on without comment, and without frisking Lace.

LACE
Nice seeing you again, Miss Smackley.

45 NEW ANGLE

Mom stops at Maggie, and eyes her with interest.

MOM
You're Maggie?
(to Lace)
She a Deb?

Before Lace can answer, Maggie cuts in.

MAGGIE
No.

The answer pleases Mom.

MOM
Good. You're smart. Maybe we'll be friends.

Mom starts a slow body search, which Maggie endures with increasing discomfort. Mom enjoys the job.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

45 CONTINUED:

MOM
(continuing)
See, Maggie, the gangs ruin it for all the good girls, like yourself, who end up in here by mistake. You're just a cog in the overall tragedy. But friends help each other out, know what I mean?

Mom lingers at Maggie's chest, and Maggie, in answer to Mom's question, knocks Mom's hands away.

MAGGIE
Get your hands away from me.

Mom reddens.

MOM
Okay, lie down. We gotta check inside.

Maggie is stunned.

MAGGIE
Whadaya mean?

MOM
Shut up and do as I say! It's routine.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE

Both other Matrons, at a distance, have already zeroed in on Maggie, in case of trouble.

47 NEW ANGLE

Mom goes to shove Maggie down on the bed, and attempts to lift Maggie's shift. Maggie blows up.

MAGGIE
Get your goddamn hands offa me, you fat pig dyke!

Maggie slams her fist into Mom's middle -- with no effect.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

47 CONTINUED:

Mom blows the whistle that hangs on the chain of keys around her neck.

Both Matrons rush toward her.

The Matrons grab and subdue Maggie.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace's girls laugh loudly.

49 NEW ANGLE

Mom studies the girls fiercely.

MOM
You think it's funny, huh? Okay, you wanna lesson, you'll get it!

Mom turns on the Matrons holding Maggie.

MOM
Take her into the john.
(to the rest of the girls)
Listen well, little sisters, listen well.

Mom clicks off the dorm light, and the Matrons drag Maggie around the corner into the dorm lavatory. Patch is beaming.

CUT TO:

50 INT. DORM LAVATORY - NIGHT

Matron One holds Maggie still, arms twisted around her back, while Matron Two shoves Maggie's head into the toilet and flushes the mechanism repeatedly.

Mom is standing to one side. There are showers in the b.g. After holding Maggie down for an inhuman length of time, both Matrons let her go. She comes up wildly gasping for breath.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

50 CONTINUED:

Matron One yanks Maggie, who's collapsed on the floor, to her feet. The Matron yanks brutally on her hair.

MATRON ONE
Pretty hair, huh? How'd you like me to pull it out, huh?

MOM
I bet you're a regular little hooker. We'll have to teach you to be good. We're alone and we got all night.

MATRON ONE
What about that, sugar, huh?

Maggie twists loose and sinks her teeth into Matron One's ear, drawing blood. Matron One stumbles away clutching the wound.

MATRON ONE
(continuing)
My ear! Jesus Christ! She bit my ear!

Both Matrons jump Maggie and beat her to the floor, helped by Mom. Then Mom, breathing hard, pulls a sinister pair of skin-tight surgical gloves from her pocket and pulls them on.

MOM
Okay, let's get it over with.

CUT TO:

51 INT. DORM - NIGHT

In the semi-darkness, Lace and the rest of the girls are listening to Maggie's screams, and the laughing Matrons.

Lace has had enough. She sits up on her bed. The rest of the girls, except Patch, are thinking the same thing.

Lace meets Bunny's gaze and makes up her mind. She jumps up and sprints toward the john. The rest of the girls instantly follow her.

Finally, Patch reluctantly follows.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

52 INT. DORM LAVATORY - NIGHT

Maggie is pinned on the floor by her three assailants, when the wave of gang girls, led by Lace, pours in.

53 SERIES OF ANGLES

(A) Lace butts her head into the fat gut of Matron Two and the fight is on.

(B) The girls, led by Lace, swarm over both Matrons and Mom, who fight back. Bodies roll and writhe across the floor. Patch hangs back for a moment, then joins in.

(C) Mom tries to blow her alarm whistle when the tide of battle turns against her, but Lace twists the whistle chain into a tight knot around Mom's neck, choking her.

(D) Maggie's on her feet now, too, smashing Matron One in the face as the other girls hold her still.

54 NEW ANGLE

Mom, fighting for breath, finally signals that she's had enough. The fighting stops.

55 FAVOR LACE

LACE
Thought you knew better than to fool with a Dagger Deb, Mom.

MOM
(unnerved)
She said she wasn't, Lace, I didn't know she was one of yours.

LACE
She is now, fatso.

Mom starts to steam.

MOM
Don't push me too far, Lace.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

55 CONTINUED:

Then, from the rear of the room:

PATCH
Hear you got a new sweetie on the outside, Mom.

Lace turns to Patch with a smile of admiration. Patch does not return it.

PATCH
(continuing; to Lace)
Her name is Violet.

LACE
(picking it up, to Mom)
Shame if anything happened to her face, you know?

MOM
(worried)
What about it? What do you want?

LACE
(nodding at Maggie)
Hands off.

Mom hesitates.

MOM
Yeah, sure.

LACE
And no reprisals.

Mom's neck muscles tense, but she's powerless. She nods yes.

Lace motions to her girls, and they begin to leave.

LACE
(continuing; to Maggie)
Let's go.

56 FAVOR MAGGIE

Maggie looks Lace in the eye, then studies Mom hatefully, and follows Lace out.

== Script Fly.com ==

57 NEW ANGLE

Mom is left standing. Matron Two is out cold on the floor, and Matron One is whimpering in the corner, clutching her ear. When the girls have left, Matron One gets up and approaches Mom.

MATRON ONE
Is that it? You gonna let them get away with it?

Mom brings her hand furiously across Matron One's mouth to shut her up.

CUT TO:

58 INT. JUVENILE HALL - DAY

Patch is angrily pushing a mop across the floor. Maggie, dressed and ready to go home, smirks at Patch as she sidesteps the mop.

59 ANOTHER ANGLE

Maggie weaves through the girls and approaches Lace. Lace is drinking a can of Coke on her bed and reading a True Confessions mag.

MAGGIE
I guess I owe you one.

LACE
(a smile)
Don't overrate yourself. Mom had it coming.

MAGGIE
You still saved my ass.

Lace shrugs, and there's an awkward moment of silence.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
You gonna be okay?

LACE
Hell yes. Be out in a week. They can't hold us, we're juveniles!

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

59 CONTINUED:

A shared smile. Maggie senses that Lace wants to tell her something, but doesn't know quite how. There's another awkward moment. Maggie sits down close, away from the noise of the other girls.

MAGGIE
You need anything?

Now Lace looks at Maggie very searchingly. She judges the new girl, and slips a letter out of her pillowcase. She offers it to Maggie.

LACE
A favor, Maggie. It's important.
(pause)
Get it to Dominic, will you? You know Dominic? He's my man.

MAGGIE
(means it)
Yeah, he's a fox on wheels.

Maggie holds the letter in her hand. It's just a little piece of paper, but for some reason, it makes her uneasy.

LACE
(pointed)
I'd kill for that guy. You know what I mean? You ever love a guy that much, Maggie?

MAGGIE
Once.
(then tapping the letter)
But why me?

Lace smiles ironically.

LACE
I dunno. I got a feelin' about you, that's all. Maybe you're different.
(pause)
We'll see.

MAGGIE
Yeah...
(pause)
... Well. Later.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

59 CONTINUED: (2)

Then they both smile at each other, and shake hands.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
Take care.

LACE
You, too.

Maggie turns to go, but Lace halts her with a remark.

LACE
(continuing)
And, Maggie? Watch your step.

Maggie is perplexed until she sees Patch, wielding her mop, waiting to trip her. Maggie smiles and steps aside, waving at Lace as she leaves.

Lace returns to her magazine and watches Maggie go. Her last words were meant in a number of ways.

CUT TO:

60 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - DAY

All of the Silver Blades guys are present and carousing. Hook has a flak jacket, knotted to look like a sack, slung over his shoulder. He flips it open in front of Dominic, who's waiting anxiously on the floor.

As the jacket plops open, a dozen cellophane packets of marijuana are revealed within. Dominic immediately rips one of the packets open. He touches a finger to the grass and smells.

DOMINIC
(grimacing)
What do they mix their shit with, oregano?

Dominic picks up the jacket and sees a rival gang's colors.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
Crabs? Again?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

60 CONTINUED:

HOOK
Crabs and his guys been musclin' our dealers all month. We caught this guy just around the corner, wearin' Crabs' colors in broad daylight!

Hook takes a mean-looking automatic pistol out of his own jacket and drops it on top of the dope.

HOOK
(continuing)
They got good pieces, too. One round from that'll blow your head off.

DOMINIC
You smoke him?

HOOK
(grinning at pistol)
He won't need that anymore.

DOMINIC
Okay, you keep it.

Dominic hands the pistol to Hook, then studies the packets of grass, deciding what to do.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
Well, this stuff's worthless. We'll have to unload it at school.

HOOK
What about Crabs?

Dominic grimaces in thought. He doesn't know what to do.

HOOK
(continuing; insistent)
What about Crabs? Let's take him now, Dom, pretty soon it'll be too late. I don't wanna face him when he's got a couple of machine guns.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

60 CONTINUED: (2)

But Dominic, wrapped in thought and worry, doesn't answer, and there's a RAP at the hideout door.

Abrupt silence as every guy in the place tenses, reflexively feeling for his weapon. The drinking and carousing in b.g. stops.

Dominic pulls his own pistol and approaches the door cautiously.

DOMINIC
Yeah, who is it?

MUFFLED NOISES in answer. Dominic cocks his pistol, then opens the door, stepping back behind it as a shield.

61 OMITTED

62 NEW ANGLE

A GANG GUY shoves Maggie into the hideout.

GANG GUY
This little beaver's been askin' for you, Dom.

MAGGIE
I wanna talk to you. In private!

DOMINIC
I remember you, don't I? You're the one kicked Patch's ass in Jobo's.

HOOK
Then what's she doin' here?
(to Maggie)
I thought you were in the tank.

MAGGIE
(pulling loose)
I was. I just come from Lace.

DOMINIC
(grinning)
Yeah? You don't <u>look</u> beat up.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

62 CONTINUED:

HOOK
(leer)
How's old Lace, makin' out?

MAGGIE
Ask the chaplain. She's pullin' his crank.
(pause)
Are we gonna talk or not?

DOMINIC
We're all brothers here. We got no secrets. Go ahead.

Maggie would rather not continue in front of the others, but since it's turning out that way, she shrugs, pulls out the letter from Lace, offers it to Dom.

MAGGIE
Okay. Lace says she'll probably be in the joint till next week, and she wants you to read this.

Hook moves forward to take the letter. But instead of handing it to Dom, he opens it. Maggie moves to take it back.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
That's not for you!

The Gang Guy holds Maggie back, and Hook turns away, pulling out the letter from the envelope. Dominic reaches for the letter, too.

DOMINIC
Come on, Hook! Gimme my letter.

HOOK
I wanna see it!

Dominic scuffles playfully with Hook and retrieves the letter. He opens it, starts to read to himself.

GANG GUY
What does she say, Dom?

HOOK
Yeah! We wanta hear what the fairy princess has to say.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

62 CONTINUED: (2)

DOMINIC
None of your goddamn business!

GANG GUY
Dominic's pussy whipped!

The gang takes up the challenge, with catcalls, etc., AD LIB.

ANOTHER GANG GUY
Guess we oughtta get him a skirt!

DOMINIC
Hey, man, up yours!

HOOK
Then read the letter, Dom. Like you said, we got no secrets!

Dominic is trapped. He hesitates, but cannot back down from the challenge. He clears his throat and starts to read.

DOMINIC
'My darling Nicky:'

ALL THE GUYS
Awww, ain't that wonderful, etc.

HOOK
'Nicky!' Holy shit!

DOMINIC
(still reading)
'As I sit here alone tonight, counting the days till I can be in your arms again...'

Raucous laughter and whistles.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
'... and tell you about the special gift I'm making for you...'

Dom shrugs, continues.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

62 CONTINUED: (3)

DOMINIC
(continuing)
'... I thought of this little poem which you can keep next to your heart till I get out. Okay?'

HOOK
A poem!

GANG GUY
Far out! Let's hear it.

DOMINIC
'Through these cold iron bars my heart can see the twinkling stars, so bright like your eyes when...'

More guffaws from the group. Dominic falters.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
'When you hold your hand gently between my...

62A REVERSE

MAGGIE
(grabs the letter)
That's enough, you bastard!

Maggie angrily snatches the letter from Dominic. He whirls on her, grabs her roughly by the shoulder, raises his fist as if to strike her. But she beats him to it by slapping him sharply across the face. For a moment it looks like he's about to lose his temper in a rage. But, instead, he slowly breaks into a grin -- a lascivious grin, glancing up and down Maggie's body. Then he calmly takes the crumpled letter from her, jams it into his pocket. He relaxes his grip on Maggie and releases her.

DOMINIC
Yeah. I am a bastard, ain't I?

Rubbing her shoulder where he has grasped it, Maggie exits, trembling. As she disappears, a Gang Guy traces an imaginary line of poetry in the air with his bottle of Ripple.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

62A CONTINUED:

GANG GUY
'My heart can see the twinkling stars...'

Hook breaks into laughter, and everyone joins in. Dom stands for a moment, touching his smarting face, grinning after Maggie.

CUT TO:

63 thru 69 OMITTED

70 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS a dark, quiet apartment in modern style and advanced disrepair.

The apartment is a wreck: discarded clothing on the floor, an empty, overturned bottle of whiskey on the table.

A key turns in the lock; the door opens, and Maggie peeks inside. She waits in the crack of the door for a moment, until she's satisfied that no one is up. She steps inside very quietly.

== Script Fly.com ==

70A ANOTHER ANGLE

As Maggie goes to close and lock the door behind her, a boot suddenly jams the door open, and before Maggie can scream, Dominic thrusts inside and twists his hand over Maggie's mouth, stifling her.

DOMINIC
(breathing hard)
You gonna keep quiet?

Maggie, her eyes wide, nods her agreement. Dominic takes his hand away. Maggie nods anxiously toward a door at the other end of the apartment.

MAGGIE
My mother.

Dominic thinks about it for a minute.

DOMINIC
We gotta talk.

Maggie motions him to follow her. She looks at his hand, which has her shoulder in a vise grip. Dominic lets her go, but shoves her forward.

70B ANOTHER ANGLE

as they cross silently through the shadows to Maggie's room.

CUT TO:

71 INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door closes behind them and as Maggie turns, Dominic jumps her. They struggle quietly.

MAGGIE
She'll hear us!

Dominic just laughs, mean and low, twisting Maggie onto her bed as they struggle.

71A ANOTHER ANGLE

Dominic tries to pin Maggie to the bed while he tears at her jeans and shirt.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

71A CONTINUED:

Maggie fights hard, but Dominic's too strong, and she can't cry out, for fear of waking her mother. Her clothes rip as Dominic overpowers her. She slashes back at him, tearing his clothes as well.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Down the hall from Maggie's bedroom, another door opens and ALICE, Maggie's mother, stumbles out with one hand on a half-empty bottle of Scotch. She was beautiful once. Now in her mid-thirties, she's tired, sad, dishevelled.

She pricks up her ears and listens. CREAKINGS and MUFFLED NOISES are coming from Maggie's room.

She decides to investigate. She walks down to Maggie's door, and listens more closely. Her face changes to shock.

Alice takes the liquor bottle and knocks it heavily again against the bedroom door. Now she's angry.

ALICE
Maggie! Get out here this minute!
I want that boy out of this house!

With that, the bedroom door swings open violently, and Alice gasps as she faces a half-naked Dominic. In the b.g., Maggie is sitting on the bed, running her hand through her hair.

DOMINIC
(fierce)
Whadaya want?

For a second, Alice's courage drains, then --

ALICE
(tentative)
Maggie? You little...
(then to Dom)
... Get out! Do you hear me?

She starts whacking at Dominic.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

72 CONTINUED:

DOMINIC
Hey, knock it off!

Then he blows up and belts her one in the mouth, and she stumbles back silenced and fearful. Dominic advances on her, forcing her back into the kitchen, and shoving her around.

ALICE
Fred! Help me!

73 NEW ANGLE

FRED, the building supervisor, stumbles out of Alice's bedroom, pulling on his pants. He stops when he sees Dominic, whom he instantly recognizes.

ALICE
Do something! He tried to kill me.

Dominic relaxes smugly.

FRED
(nervous)
Alice, come to bed.

ALICE
(shocked)
He tried to kill me!

Fred drags Alice into the bedroom.

FRED
(low and fierce)
Don't you know who that is? He's chief of the Silver Daggers! Those guys can wreck my building, now come on! I gotta live here!

CUT TO:

74 OMITTED

== Script Fly.com ==

75 INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is sitting listlessly on the side of the bed as Dominic re-enters and closes the door. He sits down in a chair across from Maggie.

DOMINIC
(hesitant)
You okay?

No response from Maggie. She refuses to look at him.

DOMINIC
(continuing; about Fred)
That your Dad?

Maggie laughs contemptuously.

MAGGIE
Are you kidding? He's the building manager, collecting the rent. My dad is... Look you got what you wanted, now why don't you run along? Or ain't you finished yet?

She pulls the sheet around her tightly, and stares out the window. The light from a rhythmic neon sign plays across her face.

DOMINIC
(lighting a joint)
I dunno what you're so pissed about. You asked for it, didn't you?

Dominic sucks nervously on the joint.

MAGGIE
(quietly)
You son of a bitch.

Dominic crosses to Maggie and touches her.

DOMINIC
Hey, come on, don't be like that. Now we're even.

Maggie reacts to the touch.

MAGGIE
I really hate you.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

75 CONTINUED:

Dominic takes her head and leans it on his shoulder. She does not resist.

DOMINIC
Yeah.

She takes the joint as he offers it to her.

CUT TO:

76 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Total pre-class bedlam. Kids smoking, passing around a bottle of wine, a card game in the back of the room, RADIO BLARING, free-for-all socializing.

To one side, the male TEACHER is nervously erasing obscenities and dirty pictures chalked on the blackboard.

77 ANGLE

Bunny, entering the classroom, sees the Teacher preoccupied, and spies his sportsjacket on his chair. She goes to the sportsjacket, removes the Teacher's white handkerchief, and replaces it secretly with a frilly white pair of feminine panties.

78 ANGLE

Maggie is checking her makeup in a pocket mirror when she hears her name called.

LACE (O.S.)
Maggie, hey!

Maggie looks up with a grin as she sees Lace approaching. Lace beams at her.

MAGGIE
Hey, Lace, where you been? I figured they put you away!

LACE
Hammer dropped the charges. He got scared.

They exchange a grin.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

78 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
(glancing around)
You got a nice set-up here.

LACE
Yeah. You comin' in with us?

MAGGIE
(a friendly shrug)
Sounds good to me.

79 NEW ANGLE

The teacher -- MR. CLUTCH -- raps on his desk with a ruler for the class' attention. He talks loudly over the diminishing din.

CLUTCH
All right, now, class! Come to order! Today we're going to talk about the principle of Laissez Faire! Which means, roughly, let everybody do whatever they want.

There is the SOUND of a TREMENDOUS HAND-MADE FART. Clutch looks at a student in the front row, RUNT, who is obviously causing the disturbance. The class cracks up. Hoots and laughter.

CLUTCH
(continuing)
Harold, if you start that again today, I'll... I'll...

RUNT
Yeah? You'll what! Hit me? Go ahead! Chicken-ass! You can't, can you, or you lose your job.

Clutch moves up on Runt, trembling with rage, shaking his fist, sputtering.

CLUTCH
Harold, I'm warning you!

RUNT
(louder)
Come on, plant a nice one right on the chin.
(MORE)

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

RUNT (CONT'D)
That oughtta get you about ten days in the slammer! Come on, chicken-ass.

Lace comes up to the harassed teacher.

LACE
This jerk botherin' ya, Mr. Clutch?

The Runt whirls on Lace.

LACE
(continuing)
Shape up, midget!

Runt raises his arms to slug Lace, but Maggie has slipped behind the Runt and now holds the Runt fast as he struggles. Lace gives the Runt a staggering elbow to the mid-section, then picks a dictionary off the teacher's desk and slams it across Runt's chin. Maggie shoves the barely conscious Runt back into his seat.

Lace and Maggie share a comradely grin.

Then Lace moves up to the teacher's desk, drops herself into the chair, and props her feet up on the desk.

LACE
(continuing)
Okay! We won't have any more of that kinda crap in here today. Mr. Clutch, you can go on now. Let's hear about this lacey fair stuff.

CLUTCH
Yes -- all right -- thank you, ladies.

80 ANGLE

The Teacher, sweating profusely, goes over to his sports-jacket to wipe his face with his handkerchief. The class bursts into laughter as he realizes he holds the panties, not the handkerchief.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

81 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

A game of "chicken" is on near a water fountain. Two girls -- one of them DONUT -- have burning cigarettes clenched upright between their wrists. As the cigarette burns down into the flesh, the winner is the girl who can stand the pain the longest.

HOOK
(hawking; circulating)
Come on, cheapskates! I'm putting three to one on Donut. Who's game for some easy money?

Hook takes cash from one of the bystanders.

HOOK
(continuing)
Thank you, my man! Now who's next? Three to one! Come on!

Donut finally squeals first, drops the cigarette, and loses. As she massages her wrist, Hook parts with a fat wad of money. Then he pulls her to one side and berates her.

HOOK
(continuing)
Christ, Donut, you cost me thirty bucks!

He cuffs her on the side of the head.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace leads Maggie out into the schoolyard. Their teamwork against the Runt has drawn them closer. We can't hear what they're saying, but they both are smiling. Lace sees Dominic with most of the gang clustered around him, and pulls Maggie toward him.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dominic and henchmen are sitting and rolling marijuana joints. GUIDO, his younger brother, sits at his side.

DOMINIC
Hmm, this stuff's okay.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

83 CONTINUED:

GUIDO
(petulant)
Why do we always smoke my bag?
Why not yours?

Dominic shoots him a withering glance, and Guido shuts up. Then he looks up to see Lace coming through the crowd with Maggie in tow a few steps behind.

DOMINIC
(standing with a smile)
Hello, baby, didn't know you were out.

Lace steps up and gives him a deep thorough kiss on the mouth, moving her hand onto Dominic's crotch at the same time.

LACE
How's junior? Did he miss me?

DOMINIC
You know he did. Been savin' him -- just for you.

Over Lace's shoulder, Dominic finds, and locks into, Maggie's anxious eyes. Maggie's taking it all in as Dominic and Lace kiss again.

LACE
Maybe we can fix him up.

GUIDO
(suddenly)
Hey, here comes Mr. Weasel.

Cutting through the gang with a cup of coffee that spills with each new step is MR. WEASEL, the principal. He's a short, fat, intimidated man who'll do anything to avoid trouble.

Lace gives Weasel a disgusted once over, then leans against Dominic. Dominic puts his arm around her and caresses her cheek as he talks.

WEASEL
(about Lace)
'Love's blest countenance,'
hey, Dom? Mind if I join you?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

83 CONTINUED: (2)

DOMINIC
(darkly)
Depends on what you want.

WEASEL
(sweating already)
Oh, just a little friendly talk.

Dominic snaps his fingers to Guido.

DOMINIC
Give the principal your seat.

Guido stands sullenly. Weasel sits.

WEASEL
You young men are always so well organized.

DOMINIC
Want one?

Dominic offers the principal one of the marijuana joints.

WEASEL
No, I'm trying to cut down. Listen, Dominic — I understand you and this Crabs fellow are on the outs.

DOMINIC
We're gonna smoke his ass if he don't quit musclin' our territory.

WEASEL
Well, I thought we might bury the hatchet.

GUIDO
Yeah, right in his marbles.

Laughter. Which then dies as Dominic speaks.

DOMINIC
Why?

WEASEL
Because, in the interests of peace, Crabs approached me with certain proposals.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

83 CONTINUED: (3)

DOMINIC
Wait a minute. Crabs is in another district. Why's he talkin' to you?

WEASEL
(worried)
Because they've closed Lincoln High. Crabs and his boys are being transferred here.

Silence falls, as Dominic stares at the principal.

DOMINIC
And you want us to make a deal.

WEASEL
Crabs thinks he should run half the student patrols, which strikes me as eminently reasonable.

DOMINIC
It does, huh? Well, why don't you stick your head up my ass.
(a sneer)
Sir.

WEASEL
(attempted cockiness)
If that's your attitude, perhaps Crabs will end up with all the student patrols!

Weasel looks around smugly.

Dominic sucks on a joint with venom in his eyes.

Weasel leaves and the gang razzes him as he walks away.

DOMINIC
(aloud to everyone)
Everyone beat it. I gotta think.

The gang breaks up. Lace pecks Dominic on the cheek and walks away, leaving Dominic staring sullenly after Weasel.

84 NEW ANGLE

As Lace and Maggie walk away from Dominic, Lace glances back.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

84 CONTINUED:

LACE
Quite a guy, ain't he?

MAGGIE
(ironic)
Yeah.

Lace puts her arm around Maggie and leads her away. As they go, Maggie secretly glances back at Dominic one more time.

84A NEW ANGLE

Patch is watching Maggie and Lace go from across the schoolyard, with ill-concealed hatred.

HOOK
(seeing and understanding)
Jealous?

PATCH
(bitterly)
When did you learn to think?

HOOK
(about Maggie)
Nice melons on the new one.

PATCH
Yeah, why don't you take her off my back.

HOOK
The word is 'hands off.'

Patch's interest is now whetted, and Hook realizes he's said a foolish thing and begins to retreat.

PATCH
Whadaya mean 'hands off?' Says who?

HOOK
Nothin'. I gotta run.

Hook walks away, but Patch is after him like a shot.

PATCH
Hey, wait a minute. Let's talk.

85 thru 91 OMITTED

== Script Fly.com ==

TRANSITION

91A INT. LACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lace looks shaken as she stares out the window, thinking. Patch is sitting on the floor, nursing a beer, watching Lace closely.

LACE
Hook lied.

PATCH
(shrugs)
Think what you like. It's your ass, not mine.

LACE
Not Maggie. She wouldn't do it.

PATCH
'Cause you got what she wants, dammit, open your eyes! Look, Lace, she's nailin' your man, and everyone's laughin' in your face, only you're too blind to see!

Lace resists.

LACE
But I gave her a break.

PATCH
And she paid you back. She read your letter out loud and everyone laughed, and they're laughin' right now, every time you turn your back. Don't listen to me, just look at their faces!

Lace crumples her beer can, her anxiety rising.

LACE
(struggling)
That's enough, she's straight and I trust her!

PATCH
(the clincher)
What about Dom? You trust him?

That gives Lace a pause, which Patch exploits.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

91A CONTINUED:

PATCH
(continuing)
Figure it out. Dom drops you and you're finished. You got two dozen hungry female sharks at your back, honey, and each has a score to settle with you. You take a fall, and they're gonna smell blood.

Hardness edges into Lace's voice, after a moment of careful thought; she knows she's not loved.

LACE
Been others that tried that before, and I'm still on top.

PATCH
This ain't before, Maggie's now, and you're slidin'.

Lace goes to her mirror to study her image. Patch stands behind her.

LACE
Maggie is my friend, Patch, and you wouldn't know what that means.

Patch glares at the insult, and their eyes lock for a second in the mirror.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 thru 97 OMITTED

98 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The gang's all here. Loud murmuring, some argument.

Dominic is talking with several different gang members, horsing around and drinking beer, just as Maggie approaches, apprehensively.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

98 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
(to Dominic)
Hey, we gotta talk.

DOMINIC
What about?

But then Dominic is interrupted by Guido and CHERRY, Guido's girl. They're the Romeo and Juliet of the gang, several years younger than the other members. Guido tugs at his big brother's jacket.

GUIDO
Hey, Dom, can I borrow twenty bucks?

DOMINIC
(to Maggie)
Just a minute.
(to Guido)
What for?
(to Maggie, proudly, ruffling Guido's hair)
You met Guido, my kid brother?

GUIDO
Cut it out, Dom. Me and Cherry wanna make the movies.

DOMINIC
(peeling off the bread)
Tell Ma where you're gonna be, hear?

But Guido and Cherry rush off, giggling, as Maggie and Dominic watch them go.

DOMINIC
(continuing; to Maggie)
Wanna do somethin' tonight?

MAGGIE
What you wanna do can wait till we iron somethin' out.

DOMINIC
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

98 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
Lace is my friend, Dom. If you wanna get it on, get it straight -- I won't doublecross her.

DOMINIC
And what if I cut her loose? What'll you say then?

MAGGIE
You'll have to ask me -- then.

DOMINIC
Yeah? What's to stop me from rippin' off whatever I want, just like before?

MAGGIE
You try that again, sonny, they'll be pickin' steel out of your ass all the way to the hospital.

Dominic frowns.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
Think it over.

99 ANOTHER ANGLE

Across the room, Lace watches Dominic and Maggie talk intimately, as Dominic touches Maggie's shoulder and tries to cajole her. Lace is torn inside, her fears and suspicions growing, and, with it, her anger.

Next to her, Donut is chomping on a chocolate bar with a big, stupid grin.

Patch shoves Donut away, and sits down beside Lace.

PATCH
Well, Lace, how's it feel to be a has-been?

LACE
Why don't you shut up?

PATCH
(nodding toward Dominic)
Maggie moves fast.

== Script Fly.com ==

100 NEW ANGLE

Dominic grimaces as Maggie walks away from him toward the beer. Hook and Dominic begin to talk.

100A ANOTHER ANGLE

Patch glances cynically at Lace, challenging her.

PATCH
What's it gonna be?

100B OMITTED

100C NEW ANGLE

Then Dominic, on the other side of the room, stands and calls for attention.

DOMINIC
Okay, you guys!
(pause)
Shut up!

The noise drops to a low murmur.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
Hook and me, we made up our minds. Crabs is gonna show with his goons on Tuesday. I want you all to be cool. Just do your thing at school and if Crabs don't interfere, then we got no problems, just like the principal says.

BUNNY
What if Crabs ain't cool?

DOMINIC
Then we roll some heads.

A loud cheer. Dominic thinks for a moment.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
Yeah, well, I guess that's all. I got nothin' else to say.

== Script Fly.com ==

100D NEW ANGLE

Lace for the first time raises her voice.

LACE
I do.

All faces turn to her. She stands.

LACE
(continuing)
Most of you already know my friend. I want you to get a good look. Come on, Maggie!

Lace grabs Maggie by the hand and pulls her forward. They walk up to Dominic. Lace's voice is edged, probing.

LACE
(continuing)
I guess you two have met, huh? Maggie here's my friend. She delivered my letter.

Maggie and Dominic nod. The guys shift uneasily. Dominic can't decide whether Lace is being cynical or genuine. Maggie picks up the odd vibes as well.

DOMINIC
(to Maggie)
Yea, sure, we met. Glad you're around.

MAGGIE
Me, too.

Lace watches the exchange carefully, then speaks.

LACE
Okay! Then I say Maggie's now a sister and a member of the Dagger Debs. Anyone object?

No one moves. Except for Patch, who stares at Lace, taunting her.

PATCH
I don't object. But she ain't one of us till she pulls a job.

Several of the Girls agree. Donut shouts out.

DONUT
Initiate! Initiate!

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

100D CONTINUED:

Other Girls pick up the chant. A seedy-looking GANG GUY speaks up.

GANG GUY
Let's make her ball all the guys, huh?

Dominic interrupts.

DOMINIC
(jealous)
Come on, knock it off.

LACE
(sharply, seeing Dom's motives)
You best stick to your own business, Dom.

Dominic realizes that he's intruding on Lace's turf. And that he may have just tipped his hand. He reluctantly backs off.

100E NEW ANGLE

Patch stands angrily.

PATCH
I lost my eye for this gang! We used to be stompers! What happened to your backbones? If she's gonna be tested, then make it a <u>real</u> test!

An electric showdown as Maggie turns strongly on Patch.

MAGGIE
(firm)
Try me.

Patch savors this moment.

PATCH
Okay, Maggie: Bring us the medallion around Crabs' neck.

Patch says it calmly, but the hideout explodes with excitement. Lace realizes the task is extremely dangerous, if not impossible. But it's captured the gang's imagination.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

100E CONTINUED:

And anyway, Lace has seen and worried enough now that a part of her wants Maggie hurt. Things have gone too far, and Patch has once again judged Lace accurately.

LACE
(to Maggie)
Well? You scared?

MAGGIE
(nonchalant)
You want it wrapped?

Lace grimaces, already feeling guilt.

LACE
Yeah, I like presents.

CUT TO:

100F EXT. TEEN POST - DAY

Maggie enters f.g. and sizes up the Teen Post across the street.

The Post is an old, converted storefront, topped by an enormous sign reading: "Youth Reclamation Corps -- Teen Post #12."

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

100F CONTINUED:

Maggie seems out of character. She's dressed in an attractive skirt and blouse, stockings, pretty shoes, etc. She's wearing lipstick and eye shadow and her hair is set. Maggie's natural poise and self-assurance, properly groomed, turn her into a "class" knockout.

Maggie starts across the street toward the Teen Post.

CUT TO:

101 INT. TEEN POST - DAY

The CAMERA PANS the room. A TV set in the corner is kicked-in and silent. A lending library shelf of books reaches to the ceiling, but most of the books have been knocked onto the floor.

Various posters on the wall (hygiene, job opportunities, army, rock stars, etc.) including the enormous official poster of the Juvenile Reclamation Corps: A PHOENIX, rising out of the ashes of inner city despair with the slogan "SHOULDER TO SHOULDER -- JUVENILE RECLAMATION CORPS" written underneath.

The room is filled with long tables, each with about eight chairs. The place seems deserted, except for one LONE KID. The Kid has passed out at one of the tables drinking Ripple. The Ripple has tipped over onto the table, and the Kid's face is flat against the tabletop in the puddle of wine.

CAMERA STOPS on Maggie, who's just entered. The door closes loudly behind her. She walks in tentatively, looking around for someone.

FINGERS (O.S.)
Lookin' for something?

101A ANGLE

Maggie turns to see FINGERS, a swarthy, sinister tough. Fingers is Crabs' lieutenant.

When Maggie speaks, her voice and the image she projects are innocent, tentative, and naive.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

101A CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
Oh! You frightened me. I'm looking for the Director of this Post.

FINGERS
(in-joke smile)
He's on vacation.

That seems to throw Maggie. She hesitates.

MAGGIE
Oh. Well... then I guess I'll have to come back.

She starts to turn away.

FINGERS
(undressing her with eyes)
The Acting Director's in, though. Mr. Masaryk.

MAGGIE
(brightening)
Oh, yes, that's the man. I'm sure he can help me.

CUT TO:

102 INT. TEEN POST BACK ROOM - DAY

Racks of weapons crowd the walls. Most of Crabs' gang is present, playing craps in the corner and cleaning their weapons. A bottle of Ripple is passed around.

CRABS is walking around a table in the center of the room, dictating a letter. Crabs Masaryk is about 21, smooth faced and handsome, with disconcerting grin and terrifying laugh. He's shrewd, organized, and vicious, and those qualities have filtered into his gang, who operate their turf like a business. In other circumstances, Crabs would make a superb executive or politician. Or Mobster.

A couple of Crabs' guys are cutting white-powder dope on the table, which Crabs is overseeing. An ugly gang girl is typing Crabs' dictation in the corner, very slowly.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

102 CONTINUED:

CRABS
(as he walks)
... Therefore, due to the grieveless cuts in federal funding for our 'Action Politics' and 'Operation Bootstrap' programs, we're forced to request additional state... listen, can't you type any faster?

The gang girl pouts in Crabs' direction. A coke spoon of white powder is handed wordlessly to Crabs from a guy at the table. Still scowling, Crabs snorts the coke, and goes cross-eyed as the dope bangs home.

There's a KNOCK at the back room door.

CRABS
(continuing; still recovering)
Yeah?

The door opens and Fingers ducks his head in.

FINGERS
Hey, Crabs, there's a chick here to see ya.

CRABS
What does she look like?

Fingers squeezes imaginary breasts and nods enthusiastically.

CRABS
(continuing; snorting another spoonful)
I'll be right there.

CUT TO:

103 INT. TEEN POST CORRIDOR - DAY

Maggie is looking at a poster of Crabs leading a street rally. She turns to see Crabs, followed by Fingers, coming toward her from the back room.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

103 CONTINUED:

CRABS
(coke grin)
Hello! I'm Crabs Masaryk, and this is our special projects coordinator, Fingers. My associate mentioned that you needed help.

MAGGIE
(nodding hello)
Hello, my name is Maggie.
(looking at Fingers hesitantly)
Actually, well, it's a rather personal matter.

CRABS
(sympathetically)
Of course, but could you give us a rough idea, we may have to refer you.

MAGGIE
(embarrassed)
It's my sister. She's on drugs.

Crabs and Fingers exchange a brief "we've got a live one" glance.

CRABS
Mmm. Why don't you step into my office where we can talk privately.

Crabs opens his office door and shows Maggie in with a smile. As she enters, Fingers pulls him aside.

FINGERS
(pouting that he's being excluded)
We don't know nothin' about that chick, Crabs.

CRABS
(understanding smile)
You'll get your turn.

Crabs enters and the door closes on Fingers, who's left standing with a disappointed frown.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

104 INT. TEEN POST OFFICE - DAY

Official photos dot the walls. Crabs sits and swivels in a huge chair behind his desk, framed by an enormous American flag on the wall behind him. The medallion on his neck is quite prominent.

Maggie is gazing at the various photos and plaques.

CRABS
Well now, Maggie, how old is your sister, and just how big a habit does she have, dollar-wise?

MAGGIE
(tentative)
I guess I better come right to the point, Mr. Masaryk. I lied.

CRABS
(flatly)
Oh? Really?

MAGGIE
Listen, I've been trying to get into Dominic's gang, and they said they'd take me if I'd deliver a message and...
(blush)
... well, you know.

CRABS
(keenly)
What message?

MAGGIE
I don't know what it means, but Dominic said to say that he met with Weasel, and the deal's okay, you can have half, no problems.

CRABS
(now grinning at good fortune)
And you're the icing on the deal.

MAGGIE
(embarrassed)
Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

104 CONTINUED:

Crabs leans back and laughs at the ceiling, amused at Dominic's methods and knocked over by the innocence of this chick.

CRABS
Well, Dominic has a certain... flare. Let's see the goods.

Maggie sits down on the couch and opens the front of her blouse, to Crabs' delighted glance. Maggie stops for a moment and motions next to her on the couch. She can't take her eyes off the medallion.

MAGGIE
(to Crabs)
Aren't you going to... take off your clothes? Aren't we --

CRABS
No time, no time. Right now let's settle for something quick, okay?

Crabs pats the chair he's sitting in, just in front of his crotch. Maggie hadn't expected this. She has to improvise. She gets up and kneels down in front of Crabs.

Crabs' face gradually builds to bliss -- then explodes in pain as he screams. Whatever Maggie's done, it hurts, and Crabs crumples over onto the floor writhing in agony.

Maggie twists the medallion off Crabs' neck. As Crabs screams, Maggie hears a stampede of FOOTSTEPS outside. She reaches the office door just in time to meet Fingers barging in. She slams the door closed again, mashing Fingers' hand.

She locks the door, and the gang guys start trying to break it down.

While Crabs still twists and writhes on the floor, Maggie picks up a chair and crashes it through the thin partition wall. She scampers out through the hole.

CUT TO:

105 INT. TEEN POST - DAY

Dodging among the chairs and tables, turning them over to stymie her pursuers, Maggie escapes through the door and down the street, followed by a screaming Fingers and the gang.

== Scriptfly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

The Lone Kid sleeps through it all, his face still flat in the puddle of wine.

CUT TO:

105A OMITTED
thru
106

== Script Fly.com ==

107 INT. GANG HIDEOUT (POOL TABLE) - NIGHT

The billiard balls scatter as Dominic breaks sharply. Hook is somber as Dominic continues his shots, methodically sinking the balls one by one.

Across the room, Patch and Lace are together sipping beers. Lace looks worried. She's on edge. Whatever interest she had in testing Maggie earlier has worn off. Now she feels guilty. Patch misreads her.

PATCH
Come on, forget it. She'll be a slab of meat by the morning.

LACE
You got a big mouth.

Patch shrugs happily.

Lace is vaguely drunk. She takes out a cigarette, and Patch, in a grand mood, promptly lights it for her. The other Girls are quiet, lumped in a group somewhat to the side of Lace and Patch.

Most of the Girls look sullen. Donut walks past Lace's table. Lace has been studying her Girls, and she's irritated.

LACE
(to Donut, grabbing her arm)
Whatsa matter with them?

Donut looks to the Girls.

DONUT
(hesitating)
Nothin', Lace, nothin' at all.

PATCH
(sardonic)
They don't like what you done.

LACE
(to Donut)
What don't they like?

DONUT
They think maybe you was too tough on Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

107 CONTINUED:

PATCH
They all shouted loud enough at the meeting.

DONUT
(shrugging)
Don't matter. That's how they feel.

Lace stews on that as Donut walks away. Then the door opens.

108 OMITTED
thru
110

111 SERIES OF ANGLES

A) Dominic turns to see who's entered. It's Maggie.

B) Maggie's face scans the room. The Girls buzz frantically. Donut looks delighted. Lace is anxious, almost happy. Patch is incredulous.

HOOK
Holy shit.

Dominic sets the base of his pool cue on the floor and leans on it, waiting. The atmosphere is charged. Maggie milks it for all it's worth. Then she reaches into her pocket and pulls the medallion out for all to see, holding it high over her head.

C) The hideout explodes with excitement. There are cheers and applause as the Girls rush to Maggie to congratulate her.

DONUT
(laughing)
Goddamn! She made it! Maggie, lemme see!

BUNNY
Maggie! You're fantastic!

A beer is popped, and passed to Maggie who chugs it on the spot as she's swamped by the Girls.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

111 CONTINUED:

D) Maggie and Dominic lock eyes, as beer is squirted everywhere in a foamy bath. She puts up her hands for a moment to calm the crowd.

MAGGIE
(smiling)
Hey, wait a minute! Lemme breathe! You'll all get a chance to see!

DONUT
Maggie, lemme try it on!

MAGGIE
Wait, gimme room!

Maggie starts to move, and a path clears. She approaches Dominic, who stands stock still. Maggie gets close enough to kiss him, but then halts.

E) As Dominic grins in genuine admiration, Maggie suddenly arches the medallion over his head, and places it on his neck.

F) The gang goes wild, squirting beer everywhere and acclaiming Maggie as a heroine.

The other Girls pick it up 'til the shout is deafening.

G) Dominic is moved, and fingers the medallion gratefully, as Maggie stares at him with sparkling, triumphant eyes.

H) As the gang continues the chant, pawing at Maggie and screaming their lungs out, Hook glances off at Lace and Patch.

I) Patch is looking ruefully into her glass of beer. And Lace is staring at Dominic. She's gone white.

112 NEW ANGLE

Dominic has second thoughts. He's disturbed that Maggie may have balled someone besides himself in order to get the medallion. He whispers to Maggie:

DOMINIC
(touching medallion)
Whadya have to do?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

112 CONTINUED:

Maggie simply smiles.

MAGGIE
What's it to you?

113 NEW ANGLE

For Lace, shock turns to rage. Suspicion to jealousy and hatred.

PATCH
(to Lace)
Looks like Dom's found a new place to park his wheels.

LACE
Yeah? Well, all the votes ain't in yet.

Lace stares at Maggie and sees an enemy she will have to destroy.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Hook is leaning against the men's room. Dozens of kids are bustling toward the main entrance to the school. Classes are about to begin.

The door suddenly opens, and a fat teenage boy tumbles out with a grin, tucking his shirt into his pants. From inside the room:

FEMALE VOICE
Okay, honey, send in another.

Hook winks in at the unseen girl, then glances around the lot and zeroes in on a very STRAIGHT kid with glasses. Hook coils his arm around the Straight as the kid passes him.

HOOK
Hey there, Einstein, how 'bout a little something to relax the nerves?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

114 CONTINUED:

STRAIGHT
No, I've got to get to chem class, so --

But Hook is already guiding him toward the open door.

HOOK
Coupla minutes with my baby here'll flatten out your sine curves. It's just what the doctor ordered. That's five bucks.

Female arms reach out and start pulling the Straight into the john, as Hook adrcitly picks the kid's pocket.

STRAIGHT
No, wait! I can't!

Hook shoves him inside.

HOOK
'Can't?' From a man of science?
(then brandishing the picked wallet)
Have a good time. I'll help myself.

The door slams shut, as the Straight continues to struggle. Hook pulls a five out of the wallet, then shrugs and takes the rest as well.

114A ANOTHER ANGLE

Dominic, with his kid brother Guido, saunters up. The rest of the male gangmembers are in tow.

DOMINIC
How we doin'?

Hook pulls a wad of bills from his pocket and hands them to Dominic.

HOOK
(grinning)
Do I ever let you down?

Dom checks the take and puts it in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

114A CONTINUED:

DOMINIC
Be a shame if we had to share it.

Dom nods O.S., and Hook follows his glance.

114B EXT. SCHOOLYARD - ANOTHER ANGLE

From the other direction, Crabs, Fingers and the rest of Crabs' gang strut down the street toward the school. It's their first day, and they play their cards heavily, intimidating a path through the students.

114C NEW ANGLE

Dominic, Guido, and the gang eye them resentfully.

CRABS
(falsely warm)
Hey, Dom, how ya been!... Eh, Dom...

DOMINIC
Gettin' kinda old, ain't ya, Crabs? When ya gonna graduate?

CRABS
Ya can never get too much edgecation.

DOMINIC
Yeah, I guess that's specially true in your case.

FINGERS
Nice piece you sent over the other night.

DOMINIC
I didn't send over nothin'.

CRABS
Too bad... Quite a chick. She's probably still sore.

Dominic's cheek twitches as Crabs winks at him.

DOMINIC
We got a rule in this place, Crabs.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

114C CONTINUED:

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
Nobody carries nothin' 'cept the student patrols. So if you're carrying anything, better hand it over now.

Crabs opens his jacket to show he's unarmed.

CRABS
(theatrically hurt)
That makes me feel bad, Dom. When I give my word, I keep it. Ask Mr. Weasel.

GUIDO
He's askin' you, queer.

Crabs offers to be frisked, staring with sharpened interest at Guido. Guido saunters over and does the frisk.

CRABS
Your little brother oughta learn some manners, Dom. He's liable to offend somebody.

DOMINIC
Yeah, what's youth coming to.

GUIDO
(gruffly)
He's clean.

CRABS
By the way, you ain't seen my medallion, have you, Dom?

Their eyes meet.

DOMINIC
Gee, Crabs, no I ain't. Did it look anything like mine?

Dominic opens his jacket, revealing Crabs' medallion at his neck. Crabs reddens.

CRABS
Yeah, something like that.

DOMINIC
Well, I sure hope you find it.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

114C CONTINUED: (2)

CRABS
Yeah, so do I.

Fingers, Crabs and Crabs' gang start to saunter toward school; Dominic watches them go. Dominic just shrugs it off.

114D OMITTED

115 NEW ANGLE

Meanwhile, Crabs and Fingers push their way through the crowd.

FINGERS
Let's waste his ass!

CRABS
You got the subtlety of a Mack truck. It ain't him we're gonna waste, stupid! Not yet!

Fingers looks at Crabs inquiringly, as Crabs casually slips a switchblade from a hollowed-out textbook and shoves it into his belt.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

116 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Guido and his girl Cherry are just hurrying down the steps of the school. Time has passed, school seems to be over.

Parked on a curb to one side is a van. As Guido and Cherry leave school, the van starts. Guido and Cherry walk past the van innocently and it follows them.

CHERRY
Dom's nice, givin' us bus money.

GUIDO
(snorts contempt)
I'm his brother, ain't I?
He owes me more than that.

CHERRY
(quietly)
Nobody owes us nothin', Guido.

GUIDO
Yeah? Well, pretty soon Dom'll have to give me my own scam, then it'll be easy street, babe, just you wait and see.

Suddenly the van's mid-body door swings open and the truck jumps the curb and roars after the couple.

CHERRY
Guido! Look out!

Guido sees the truck coming and sprints with Cherry onto the high school lawn. The van closes in on them with its door open like a giant scoop.

116A ANOTHER ANGLE

Inside the van, Fingers cocks his gun and SHOOTS Guido in the chest as Guido runs. Cherry screams, but Fingers grabs her and pulls her into the van.

116B ANOTHER ANGLE

Inside the van, CRABS, Fingers and several other of Crabs' gang start pawing the screaming Cherry, and tearing at her clothes as they laugh.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

116B ~~CONTINUED:~~

CRABS
Hey, come on! Me first!

The van disappears around the corner, as stunned students watch in disbelief.

CUT TO:

116C OMITTED

117 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Cherry, the girlfriend of Guido, is staring blankly into space. Her hair is pulled and ratty, her clothes torn, her face terribly bruised. Her mind is completely traumatized. She cannot or will not speak.

Around her, the gang is buzzing angrily as Dominic enters. Lace is already present and reacts anxiously.

LACE
How is he?

Dominic looks drained and upset. He speaks to the whole gang.

DOMINIC
Lost a lot of blood. He's got a chance.

Dominic's attention turns to Cherry. Cherry sees him and backs away frightened. Dominic touches a blotch of red liquid in Cherry's hair, and rubs the still-moist blood between his fingertips.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
She say anything?

HOOK
Nothin'. She's freaked out.

Dominic thinks on that for a moment, just staring at the cringing Cherry as anger and anguish boil up inside him together. Then —

DOMINIC
(slamming his fist into a wall)
If Crabs wants it, he's gonna get it!
And we're gonna give it to him now!

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

LACE
(jumping in)
Then let's move now, all of us, and hit him in a group.

HOOK
(shaking his head)
That's crazy... Where do you get your ideas? Comic books? This isn't some over-the-hill bill collector! This is Crabs Masaryk and a gang twice our size!

Lace is stunned. A charged silence, as Lace looks to Dominic for support, but finds none in Dom's terrible, cold glance.

118 FAVORING MAGGIE

MAGGIE
(emerging from the gang)
Crabs'll be waitin' for us. It's no good tonight.

DOMINIC
Yeah, then what do you suggest?

MAGGIE
Crabs and his lieutenants use a roller rink uptown every Friday night. It's neutral turf, so he'll feel safe. Hit him then. With guns! We'll carry them in for you, past the security guards.

Dominic thinks about the idea.

HOOK
It sounds good, Dom.

PATCH
(interrupting)
It sounds lousy. First of all we don't know that turf. And who's to say Crabs'll be alone? And anyway, why the hell should we trust Maggie? What does she know about it?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

118 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
I know the turf cause I live there. As for the plan, have Hook check it out.

Dominic nods to Hook.

DOMINIC
If we get caught up there, we're screwed.

MAGGIE
Guido's worth the risk.

That's true. Dominic, almost as an afterthought, turns to Lace.

DOMINIC
What do you think, Lace?

LACE
(frostily)
Why ask me?

Dominic ignores Lace's tone of voice with a frown.

DOMINIC
Okay then, Friday night. Hook, Lace, we gotta talk. You too, Mag.

Lace and Maggie lock eyes briefly. Lace is scalded that Maggie has been favored by inclusion in the top level planning, and Maggie senses her hostility.

They follow Dominic out. Lace, still chafing, passes Ginny on her way to the door. Ginny grins at her with vicious delight, sensing Lace's humiliation.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

119 INT. DOMINIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lace is alone with Dominic in his room at the hideout. Dominic, half-dressed, is sitting on the mattress and smoking a joint. They've just finished making love. The mood is tense. Things have not gone well.

Lace shifts uneasily beneath the blanket. This is a crisis moment for her, since she feels her man slipping farther away from her every minute. She's desperate and Maggie is burning away in the back of her mind.

She takes the joint and drags on it, then passes it back to Dom anxiously.

LACE
Baby, let's talk.

But Dominic doesn't answer, nor does he look at her. She lies back in the half darkness with a look of pure despair on her face. Which she struggles against and gradually masters.

LACE
(trying to smile)
Honey, I had a funny thought. Just imagine for a second, like you and me had it to do all over again. A second chance like, and nobody to make us do nothin'.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

119 CONTINUED:

LACE (CONT'D)
No cops and no record and no parents. A second chance, like, I wonder if we'd do anything different...

Dominic shifts on the mattress to look at Lace. His face is the pit of tired cynicism.

DOMINIC
My brother's lyin' in some meat plant with half his head blowed off and you talk about havin' a funny thought! Man, we don't get a second chance, don't you see! We're dead, honey, only we're too fuckin' poor to lie down!

Lace slaps her hands over her ears, nearly hysterical.

LACE
No! I don't want to hear that! Tell me something nice, Nicky! Something nice!

DOMINIC
(forcefully)
And stop callin' me Nicky! The guys are startin' to use it!

Dominic gets up and walks over to his sack of possessions, crushing the joint out on the floor. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it. He's obviously very nervous.

119A ANOTHER ANGLE

Exhausted, defeated, Lace watches Dominic rummage through his sack and light up. She still has one card to play, and she's gone too far not to play it.

LACE
(tense and low)
Dominic. I'm pregnant.

DOMINIC
(not hearing)
What? Where's my goddamn wallet?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

119A CONTINUED:

LACE
(more forceful)
I'm pregnant! I'm havin' a kid!

Dominic stands frozen and stunned. His mouth won't work.

LACE
(continuing; hastening to soften the blow)
It was gonna be a surprise, honey, we can start over!

DOMINIC
(panicking)
Wait a minute --

LACE
(cutting him off)
We'll be real happy with a baby, Dom, it's time we had somethin' to hold us togeth --

But Dominic bolts up.

DOMINIC
You lie!

LACE
(rarely sees him this mad)
No, Dominic!

DOMINIC
You'd say anything to get your way, wouldn't you?

This is not the sort of reception Lace expected. She wanted Dominic to be happy.

LACE
I'm telling the truth, I swear it!

DOMINIC
How do I know it's mine?

That last remark hits Lace like a hot, twisting knife. She starts to boil.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

119A CONTINUED: (2)

LACE
(quietly)
Why you son of a bitch.

DOMINIC
And what if it is mine? So what! You think I'm ready to haul freight in some filthy warehouse for two bucks an hour just so you can have some screamin' brat suck your tit! No thanks!

LACE
It's our baby!

DOMINIC
It ain't nothin' yet.

LACE
Everything was great before Maggie came around. It's Maggie, ain't it, she ruined it all!

DOMINIC
Everything was lousy, lousy. You're lousy, the whole fuckin' gang is lousy, and the whole goddamn place stinks!

He begins busting things up in frustration. She tries to restrain him and he throws her down. She lands in a heap, obviously hurt.

DOMINIC
(continuing)
You got a kid in your belly? Okay, you know what to do!

He pulls a wad of money out of his pocket and throws it in her face. There are just the hints of tears in Lace's eyes. And even Dom realizes, as they stare at each other, that he's gone too far.

DOMINIC
(continuing; spent)
I gotta go out.

He dons his coat hurriedly, with Lace watching him.

LACE
Don't leave me, Dom.
(MORE)

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

119A CONTINUED: (3)

LACE (CONT'D)
(pause, then strangely)
You leave me now, Dom, and it's gonna turn out bad.

But Dominic slinks out, slamming the door.

120 NEW ANGLE

Lace rocks back and forth on her haunches, not knowing what to do. Then she gets an idea. She goes to Dom's pack of possessions and draws out Crabs' medallion.

121 CLOSEUP - MEDALLION

She fingers it thoughtfully, musing on a plan of action.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 INT. ROLLER RINK - NIGHT

Dozens of happy children and adults are roller skating to the strains of a BUBBLY ORGAN.

From the entranceway, Dominic surveys the scene with Hook. The Daggers and Dagger Debs are drawn up behind him.

Dominic decides to go ahead with the plan. He nods to the gang. The gang girls immediately pull pistols, pipes and knives from their clothing and hand them to their men.

Several of the Daggers don brass knuckles or jagged rings. Many of the girls wear chains around their waists, or sharpened clasps in their hair.

Dominic nods again and the gang starts to casually stroll into the roller rink auditorium.

123 NEW ANGLE

As Lace passes Dominic, he pulls her aside.

DOMINIC
(tense)
Listen, about the other night... I didn't mean to hit you. We gotta talk.

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

LACE
(disengaging her arm)
Sure, Dom, whatever you say. Later, huh?

And she moves away, leaving Dominic to shrug defensively at Maggie, who's been watching from the side. Then Dominic and Maggie go in behind the gang.

124 ANGLE - CRABS

Sitting across the rink with his lieutenants, he sees Dominic and his gang enter. Crabs breaks into a wide grin. Wrapped in his coat, Crabs has a sawed-off shotgun. He says something to Fingers, who scampers away through the bleachers.

125 OUT ON THE RINK FLOOR

the skating continues as gang members loyal to Crabs or Dominic begin to mix with the crowd.

126 ANGLE - DOMINIC

He signals Hook, and as one of Crabs' gang members comes skating by, Hook deliberately dumps him. The gang member struggles back up on his skates to duke it out with Hook, but Hook trips him and he goes down again.

Raucous, provocative laughter.

127 NEW ANGLE

A scuffle breaks out. Dominic's boys pull out their weapons; the girls strip the chains from their waists and start swinging.

128 SERIES OF ANGLES - THE FIGHT

The fight spreads through the crowd and it looks for a moment like Dominic's plan will work, since Crabs' boys are unarmed.

Then the ORGAN MUSIC suddenly STOPS and withering GUNFIRE from the stands takes its place.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

128 CONTINUED:

Roaring down on the rink floor comes the main body of Crabs' gang, who had been concealed among the bleachers. All of them have sawed off .22's and shotguns, and automatic pistols. Dominic's boys are completely outclassed and the firepower from Crabs and his gang is overpowering.

The skaters react with stunned silence, then a mad skating dash for the door. But the bullets slam into bodies at random, hurling the wounded skaters into a careening mass riot.

Dominic tries to rally his gang, but Hook and the gang guys, seeing the odds, start withdrawing toward the exit. Dominic is separated from his boys, and Crabs unloads his shotgun directly into Dominic's chest. Dominic collapses, near death.

129 LACE

She runs to him and attacks Crabs. Crabs kicks her in the stomach brutally, and she falls beside Dominic, writhing in pain. Lace starts to bleed profusely.

130 MAGGIE

She rallies some of the girls and hoists Lace to her shoulder. The girls try to rescue Dominic's body, but Crabs is too strong. Dominic says his final words to Maggie.

DOMINIC
It was a trap. Somebody squealed.

The girls abandon Dominic, and Maggie carries Lace to safety as the girls cover their withdrawal.

131 NEW ANGLE

Crabs surveys the now quiet rink as he and his guys prepare to split. There are moans from the wounded. Skaters and gang members are strewn in bloody heaps.

Then Crabs and his henchmen exit. Fingers pauses over the prostrate Dominic to give his body a final kick.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

132 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A ward with eight or ten beds, drab and dirty. In one corner is Lace. Patch is just pulling the curtain around the bed for a shred of privacy while the girls talk.

Lace has just lost her baby.

Maggie, Bunny, and Donut are standing at Lace's bedside. Lace is just unwrapping a present -- a stuffed teddy bear.

LACE
Gee, thanks, guys. He's cute.

MAGGIE
It's nothin'. We just wanted to cheer you up.

LACE
Woulda been nice for the baby.

Lace caresses the face of the teddy bear. Bunny and Maggie exchange a wince. Maggie hadn't intended the present that way.

BUNNY
Lace, if you da just told us about the kid...

DONUT
Yeah. Nobody knew.

LACE
Me and Dom were gonna tell pretty soon. He was so proud, you know. Already makin' big plans about gettin' married, stuff like that. Can you imagine? Ain't that crazy? But I probably woulda got rid of it. Can you see me havin' a kid? Hangin' around some dumb house, washin' dishes, changin' diapers! Jesus, man, not me! What a crazy --

Patch cuts in before Lace can lose control and cry.

PATCH
That's enough Don't talk about it.

Maggie moves to Lace and takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

132 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
Lace, I loved Dom too. We all did. I know the roller rink was my idea, and I'm really sorry things went wrong, like they did, but --

LACE
(penetrating)
Nobody blames you, Mag.

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

MAGGIE
(awkward)
Well, we gotta get back. The guys wanted to know how you were. Better get some sleep huh?
(pause)
We miss you, Lace.

Maggie rises to go. Lace catches Patch's eye.

LACE
Thanks, Maggie. I'll send Patch along in a minute. Just gonna give her a list of stuff I need.

The others bid their goodbyes to Lace and exit.

133 LACE AND PATCH

Lace waits a moment in silence as the SOUND of the footsteps of the girls fades down the hallway. Then Lace contorts with rage, and hurls the stuffed animal at the door Maggie just exited.

LACE
She misses me! The goddamn lying bitch!

Patch is startled at the sudden outburst. Lace seems about to rise from the bed and pursue the departing Maggie and Patch restrains her.

PATCH
Hey! Cool it! What's the matter?

LACE
She was supposed to get it! Not him!

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

133 CONTINUED:

PATCH
Huh? What do you mean?

LACE
He promised me Dom wouldn't be hurt! Only Maggie!

PATCH
Who promised? What? Lace -- what did you...

Suddenly Lace looks at Patch, her hysteria interrupted by terror. Patch understands.

PATCH
(continuing)
Crabs? You tipped off Crabs about the roller rink?!?

LACE
(disintegrating)
Patch! What could I do! He was treating me like a little gutter cat! And it was all because of her! Just like you said! Every time I touched him I could smell her stinking perfume! What could I do?

Patch does some fast thinking. She sees a golden opportunity for final revenge on Maggie. She shakes Lace roughly.

PATCH
Stop it! Stop it! You gonna let her take it all? Or you gonna act like the Lace I know! Pull yourself together and start thinkin' how you gonna pay that bitch back!
(pause)
And forget you ever saw Crabs! Understand?

Lace is quiet now, staring at Patch. She nods almost imperceptibly.

134 EXT. JOBO'S BURGER PALACE - DAY

In the b.g., Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

134 CONTINUED:

In the f.g., Donut, being interrogated by Rizzo, the fat cop, and Parker who's shaking her up pretty good.

PARKER
You think these hoods are gonna stick up for a fat squirt like you? Wise up.

DONUT
I didn't do nothin'. I don't know nothin'.

RIZZO
(winking to Parker)
Maybe she'd remember on the way downtown.

Donut wavers, but Maggie intervenes to rescue her.

MAGGIE
(smooth)
You heard her, Rizzo, she don't know nothin'. So unless you got a court order, take your gloms off my friend.

RIZZO
(disgusted but releases Donut)
Coupla gangs busted up some innocent people at the roller rink the other night. We don't like that to happen. It don't reflect well on us.

MAGGIE
Hey Bunny! You seen any gangs around lately?

BUNNY
Gangs? Naaa. Just a stray pig or two.

134A ANOTHER ANGLE

The CAR RADIO is SQUAWKING LOUDLY. In the b.g., the Patrolcar. The windows are criss-crossed with strips of tape to protect against rocks hurled by the people on the patrol route. Maggie grins innocently at the Cops.

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

134A CONTINUED:

PARKER
Laugh it up, smart mouth. Your turn'll come.

RIZZO
(to Maggie)
Get something straight, honey. I don't care if you blow each other's guts out. Hell, I'm glad, you save me the trouble. But somebody clean gets hurt, and I'll break your neck. You understand?

Maggie glares at him.

RIZZO
(continuing)
Now run along and do your homework.

After a brief confrontation, Maggie leads the girls slowly away.

MAGGIE
Come on, Donut, we'll help you scrub off the stink.

Parker and Rizzo watch them go.

PARKER
I'd rather see my daughter dead than sink to that.

RIZZO
Well, what do you expect? What a hole to grow up in.

PARKER
Tell it to the mayor.

RIZZO
He's the worst crook in the bunch. Who do these kids have to look up to? Judges, senators, the whole goddamn bunch are rotten!

PARKER
Yeah, well maybe one of these days we'll take a crack at them too.

They move back toward the patrol car to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

134B OMITTED
&
134C

135 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - DAY

The gang's all here, and the mood is hot and heavy. An argument polarizing around Maggie on the one hand and Hook on the other. The girls are with Maggie, the guys are with Hook. Bunny is the only female hanging with Hook.

Patch is off in the rear, staying out of the struggle so far.

Maggie slams her switchblade into the table for emphasis as she speaks.

MAGGIE
I've had it! We sit here any longer and we'll have to crawl back to school. Crabs is takin' over! And nobody's liftin' a finger to stop him!

HOOK
Half our guys are still out of commission. The cops are onto us now, they'll be watchin'.

BUNNY
Yeah, that's all they'll be doin'.

MAGGIE
Long as it ain't their throats that get cut.

Shouts of agreement and disapproval mingle.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

135 CONTINUED:

HOOK
The time ain't right, we gotta lay low.

GANG GIRL
I'm fed up, waitin'!

GANG GUY
We were the ones out front! They opened up on us! And I ain't goin' back for seconds!

HOOK
It was your crazy plan, Maggie!

Maggie snaps back fiercely.

MAGGIE
You bought it! You checked it out! We had a chance if you'd stuck around and fought! The only one of you guys who had a spine was Dom, and you left him to die!

Bedlam and recriminations as the girls scream "chicken!" at Hook and his guys. The guys are uneasy -- the girls have never been this well organized.

HOOK
(shouting, making his play)
Shut up! I've heard enough!

GANG GIRL
Who you tellin' what to do, Grease Head!

HOOK
Dominic's gone and I'm takin' charge! I got the right!

DONUT
We want Maggie!

HOOK
You shut up and sit down.

Hook goes for his switchblade to subdue Donut.

== Script Fly.com ==

136 NEW ANGLE

Maggie's foot swings out and slams the knife out of his hand.

Her fist smashes Hook in the chest and sends him crashing backward as she yanks her own switchblade out of the table.

She sticks the blade to Hook's throat and yanks him up. Hook grunts in terror.

MAGGIE
You're chicken, say it!

HOOK
I'm... I'm chicken.

MAGGIE
I'm a big, fat, yellow chicken!

HOOK
(it hurts)
I'm... I'm a big, fat, yellow chicken.

MAGGIE
And I ain't followin' no chicken.

136A ANGLE

Bunny watches Hook cower; she's thoroughly fed up.

136B BACK TO SCENE

Disgusted, Maggie releases Hook. He straightens his clothes, humiliated. The girls razz him.

HOOK
(phony bravado)
I ain't followin' no broad.

MAGGIE
Then hit the road.

137 ANOTHER ANGLE

Silence as Hook realizes that Maggie means it. He gets up and starts heading out. One by one the guys follow Hook, abandoning the girls and splitting the gang.

== Script Fly.com ==

138 ANGLE ON BUNNY

She stays put. Hook stops beside her.

HOOK
Come on, let's go.

BUNNY
No thanks, Cripple Dick.

HOOK
I told you never to call me that!

BUNNY
Everyone knows your crank could hook a tuna!

HOOK
You comin' or not?

BUNNY
Fade!

Bunny joins the girls and they greet her happily.

HOOK
(to all the girls)
You don't have a chance!

Hook ducks as an opened beer can is hurled at him. He and the rest of the guys stomp out, slamming the door behind them. The girls watch them go triumphantly.

139 NEW ANGLE

Patch sours the mood.

PATCH
Nice goin', Maggie, now we lost our muscle! Lace'd be real proud!

BUNNY
Lace ain't here to say.

Patch and Bunny exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

139 CONTINUED:

PATCH
(sneer)
You got another big plan up your sleeve, Maggie?

MAGGIE
(to all the girls)
You girls know what a Jezebel is? Listen!
(reads from dictionary)
"An immoral, shameless, impudent woman." From now on that's gonna be us! The Jezebels!
(beat)
Donut, Bunny, we're gonna take a little trip cross town.

Donut, delighted to be chosen, breaks into a mammoth smile.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT STATION - BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Maggie, Bunny and Donut walk down the sidewalk toward the abandoned police station, trailed at a distance by a couple of sinister black dudes.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

140 EXT. ABANDONED POLICE PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

The police station is empty, dark, and boarded up. A sign on the building front proclaims: "PRECINCT HQ MOVED TO 110TH STREET." Below is a handscrawled message: "ON ACCOUNT OF GETTING THEIR ASS KICKED."

Maggie, Bunny and Donut are standing in front of the boarded up archway, reading the sign. All three carry sawed-off lengths of lead pipe as weapons. Bunny and Donut are visibly uptight. Maggie starts pushing the boards aside to gain entry.

BUNNY
(low)
Uh, Maggie, maybe this wasn't such a good idea...

DONUT
Yeah, maybe we oughta go back.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hold it right there, whitey.

Maggie stops her work with the boards and turns to see the voice.

141 NEW ANGLE

In the b.g., black bums cook food by the heat of burning trash piles in an abandoned lot. The smoke fills the air.

Out of the shadow steps TOBY, a mean lithe black girl, with her rifle pointing at the girls. Two other BLACK CHICKS with rifles step out of hiding places to back her up.

TOBY
(to the other black girls)
Frisk 'em.

As the black girls disarm and frisk Maggie, Donut, and Bunny, Toby moves to a couple of boards and removes them easily. The black girls nod to Toby, who motions the white girls with her rifle.

TOBY
(continuing)
Inside. Nice and easy.

All the girls climb through the pried off boards.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

142 INT. PRECINCT STATION - NIGHT

In the semi-darkness, Maggie, Donut and Bunny are prodded down a corridor past abandoned booking desks, down a shadowed stairway, and around a corner in the building's basement -- into a starkly lit police lineup area. The MUFFLED SOUND of RIFLE FIRE filters in from another room.

Across the room, several more black girls are talking seriously. They turn as Maggie and her girls are led in.

143 ANOTHER ANGLE

The leader of the group -- MUFF -- seems to perk up her interest when she sees Maggie. Muff is about Maggie's age, very street-wise and tough as nails. But as she approaches Maggie, despite Donut and Bunny's obvious terror, Muff breaks into a wry smile.

MUFF
I heard you been lookin' for me.

MAGGIE
(calmly)
Hello, Muff. Been a long time.

Bunny and Donut are stunned at Muff's friendly tone, the only hint of warmth in a sea of murderous black faces.

MUFF
Too long, Maggie. What can I do for you?

MAGGIE
We need your help. Me and my girls here were Dagger Debs. Our gang got wiped. Now we're the Jezebels.

MUFF
(skeptical)
Where are your men?

MAGGIE
Cowards. We kicked them out.

That hits a responsive chord.

MUFF
Yeah? Well that's good, that's real good. The only thinkin' men do is between their legs.
(MORE)

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

MUFF (CONT'D)
Revolution's too important for a bunch of macho, ego-trippin' cock worshippers.

Toby tosses a little red book of Mao to Maggie.

TOBY
(dry)
You know how to read?

Maggie browses through the book.

MAGGIE
You're into some heavy stuff.

MUFF
(firm)
'Revolutions and revolutionary wars are inevitable in class society.' That's science, but they don't teach it in schools.

TOBY
But they will when we run them!

Muff motions unhappily to Donut and Bunny.

MUFF
'Course, if they're a sample of your sisters, you best pack it in now.

MAGGIE
They can fight. There just ain't enough of us.

TOBY
Mao says not to waste time on personal grudges. What's in it for us?

MAGGIE
Crabs.

Instant recognition from the black girls.

TOBY
That capitalist gangster! Why didn't you say so? He's a bloodsucker, a real pig.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

143 CONTINUED: (2)

MUFF
Drives around in his Teen Post truck dealing dope to the kids!

TOBY
You ever try one of his 'vitamins'?

MUFF
(to Maggie)
Yeah. We're in. For old times sake. I'm gonna enjoy this!

143A CLOSER ANGLE - MAGGIE AND MUFF

They clasp hands in a feminist shake.

MAGGIE
He's tough. Really tough.

MUFF
(grinning)
Yeah, well we got a surprise for old Crabs. A nice big motherfucking surprise.

Maggie's eyebrows arch.

MAGGIE
Like what?

MUFF
You'll see. Right now, you wait and I'll scrounge up a couple of AK's. We might as well start your training here and now.

Muff and her girls exit. Toby sticks around and guards the door. Donut edges over to Maggie with a certain amount of awe in her voice.

DONUT
Where you know her from?

MAGGIE
(offhand)
I used to run with her brother once. Before the cops offed him.

Bunny and Donut gulp in gratitude. Maggie's stature climbs with each new twist of events.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

144 EXT. PRECINCT STATION - BLACK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Patch and Lace pull up to the curb through the rubble in the street. They stop the car, but hesitate for a moment before getting out.

144A CLOSE ON PATCH AND LACE

Lace surveys the devastated neighborhood and hostile black faces. Neither girl is afraid.

PATCH
Be ready to kill her or don't go in that door.

LACE
Back off, Patch, I'll settle this my way.

PATCH
She's rotting you from the inside, Lace. The girls listen to her! While you been in the hospital she's --

LACE
Nobody takes what's mine! If Maggie wants blood, she'll get plenty of it!

They get out of the car.

CUT TO:

145 INT. POLICE PRECINCT STATION - DAY

A CARBINE BLASTS again and again DIRECTLY INTO the CAMERA. Black girls are instructing Maggie's gang in the use of automatic weapons in the precinct auditorium.

Maggie and Muff are together, and getting along well.

MUFF
We're ready.

MAGGIE
I spread the word on Crabs' turf. They'll be staying clear of his truck.

Muff nods approval.

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

A guard at the door gives a high-pitched whistle. Maggie motions Muff to come along.

146 NEW ANGLE

Lace and Patch have entered, staring down the barrel of a gun held by one of Muff's girls.

Maggie and Muff arrive.

LACE
(cutting deep)
You've been busy! This another one of your big plans?

There is a tense silence as Maggie absorbs the shock, and decides to maneuver around it.

MUFF
Nice mouth.

LACE
(ready to blow)
Yeah?!?

MAGGIE
(to guard)
It's okay!
(to Muff, pointedly)
Muff, this is Lace. She'll be in charge.

That surprises Lace, who expected a showdown. Muff has taken an immediate dislike to Lace.

MUFF
(needling)
Don't matter to me. Plans are already made.

147 LACE AND MAGGIE

MAGGIE
No sense wastin' time, Lace. Me and the girls were just gettin' things ready.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

147 CONTINUED:

Patch and Lace exchange a quick look, and Lace realizes she has misjudged Maggie and is looking foolish.

LACE
(gruffly)
Well then, what are we waitin' for!

MAGGIE
(smiling)
You.

Their eyes hold for a moment, then Lace moves away and calls to the girls throughout the station.

LACE
Listen, all of you, I just got one thing I wanna say. Those lousy murderers killed my Dom. Each one of you got burned. Just remember it tomorrow. We're gonna cut our names on those bastards' chests. Our Dom is dead, and Crabs is gonna pay!

There's a cheer. Lace has her old charisma back. The girls are swayed. They accept her as their leader.

MAGGIE
(to Lace personally)
You can count on them, Lace.

LACE
(ironically)
I know I can, Mag.

MAGGIE
I just got one favor to ask. I want Crabs alive. He's mine.

Patch and Lace exchange a nervous glance. Lace didn't expect this.

PATCH
Why?

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

147 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
Dominic's dead 'cause somebody tipped Crabs off about the roller rink. And I'm gonna find out who.

LACE
(covering)
Yeah, well sure, Maggie. Good idea.

Maggie and Lace embrace. But Patch and Lace exchange a glance that betrays Lace's real hostility and fear.

148 MUFF

She notices it, and makes a mental note to stay clear of Lace.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

148 CONTINUED:

She slings her rifle and pushes off past Maggie and Lace.

MUFF
Okay, let's cut the jive and get down to it. Maggie, come on, we got work to do.

As Muff and Maggie stride off, Lace and Patch turn aside to confer.

PATCH
You heard. She's not gonna stop 'til we're screwed. You gotta take care of her now!

LACE
Yeah. Yeah, I guess so.
(pause)
Be sad if Maggie had an accident tomorrow.

PATCH
Yeah, just make damn sure you don't miss.

The two girls nod to each other in grim understanding.

CUT TO:

SCRIPT FLY

== Script Fly.com ==

149 EXT. CRABS' STREET - DAY

Early morning, just down the street from Crabs' Teen Post. A few people are already on the street. Some stores and a barbershop are open.

A Teen Post van is parked along the curb. The doors are open, and a couple of guys are setting up a table on the sidewalk next to the truck.

150 CLOSER ANGLE

On the side of the van is a large sign proclaiming: "SAVE THE CHILDREN -- FREE BREAKFAST PROGRAM."

In the f.g., Fingers checks his watch, visibly annoyed. In the b.g., his pal lugs a tank of milk to the table, which is already filled with pots of hot, ugly cereal and donuts.

FINGERS
Where is everybody? It's too quiet.

Fingers takes a key from his pocket chain and goes to the back of the van, where he begins to unlock a cabinet.

151 NEW ANGLE

The van's Driver is asleep at the wheel of the truck. Through the windshield, swinging around the corner into the sunlight, are Lace and Maggie at the head of the Jezebels. Maggie is seen giving directions to some of the girls, who detach from the group and disappear into alleys. Then Maggie, Lace and the rest of the girls approach the truck as the driver snoozes on.

152 BACK TO FINGERS

Since the truck blocks his view, Fingers is unaware of the Jezebels. Inside his cabinet, Fingers is collating packets of white powder dope and bottles of gaily colored speed pills. He opens one packet of the dope, touches it to his tongue with his finger, and gives a "pretty good!" grimace. He grabs the packets and bottles and closes the cabinet again, without locking it.

== Script Fly.com ==

153 NEW ANGLE

As Fingers rounds the corner of the truck, he spots Maggie and Lace, alone, standing at the food table. The pal is just handing Maggie a cup of milk, and Lace is poking and sniffing through the cereal. Fingers recognizes Maggie instantly, and tenses.

FINGERS
Back for seconds?

MAGGIE
Hey, Lace, you hear something?

LACE
(picking it up)
Yeah, sounded like a furry little rat.

Fingers hears a sound and turns to see, behind him, a wedge of Jezebels led by Bunny, nosing around the truck. Then from the other side of the van, comes Patch, leading another wing of girls, also very casual.

Fingers says nothing. He knows this is trouble. Maggie sips her cup of milk as Lace grins at Fingers.

MAGGIE
(grimacing)
Where'd you get this stuff? The sewer?

Maggie splashes the rest of the milk in pal's face. He stands there, stunned. Lace tastes the cereal.

LACE
No wonder it's free. You couldn't <u>sell</u> this crap.

She sweeps the cereal pots off the table onto the ground. Then she takes one bowl of the stuff and dumps it on Fingers' head. Lace starts laughing and the rest of the girls start pulling the truck apart.

Fingers backs away as the girls laugh at him. Pal edges away to catch up.

154 NEW ANGLE

Maggie tears into the dope cabinet, smashing the bottles of pills on the pavement and ripping open the packets of heroin to scatter their contents. Bunny lends a hand.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

154 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
Hey, Fingers! You won't need this shit anymore! The kids won't be buyin'!

Fingers breaks into a trot.

155 NEW ANGLE

As the girls smash up the truck, Donut, true to form, surreptitiously pockets a few of the donuts as she stuffs her mouth as full as possible.

156 NEW ANGLE

The Driver is now awake, with his door locked against the girls, who press their faces up against the glass in weird grimaces, laughing.

157 NEW ANGLE

Lace lights the rag fuse of a molotov cocktail.

LACE
Everybody out of the way!

She tosses it into the back of the truck, which EXPLODES in an orange whoosh of flame.

158 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Driver rolls out of the truck, his arm on fire. He runs away screaming.

159 NEW ANGLE

Hearing the detonation, Crabs rushes from his Teen Post to see the commotion. He runs headlong into Fingers, still caked with cereal.

FINGERS
These crazy chicks, man, they jumped us! We got wiped!

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

159 CONTINUED:

CRABS
(pulling on his shirt)
I got a meeting with the mayor in twenty minutes! Goddamn it! This happens every time!

Crabs pulls his gun and runs toward the truck. His men follow.

160 NEW ANGLE

Maggie grins to Lace. Everything's going according to plan. Maggie and the girls begin withdrawing down the street.

The smoke from the burning truck now is heavy, obscuring the girls intermittently.

161 NEW ANGLE

Through the smoke and debris, the gang guys pursue the Jezebels.

Simultaneously, Maggie's girls first slow, then drop to the pavement and pull weapons out of their clothing. The girls start BLASTING.

Caught in the open and surprised, Crabs' gang wavers and stumbles in the GUNFIRE. Crabs is angered at himself and his men. Suddenly, O.S., an enormous ENGINE ROARS to life.

FINGERS
What was that!

CRABS
(ignoring)
Come on, you bastards! Fight!

He begins BLASTING, as his men nevertheless begin pulling back down the street.

But just then, Betsy ROARS OUT of its hidden alley position and slams into the center of Crabs' gang, grinding the guys to a pulp.

162 ANGLE ON "BETSY"

"Betsy" is Muff's secret weapon, her home-made tank, a souped-up, boiler-plated old station wagon with armored windows and slats for machine guns.

== Script Fly.com ==

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

BULLETS bounce off the metal monster harmlessly. It would take a bazooka to knock "Betsy" out, and Muff drives it like a dragon, smoke belching, ENGINE SCREAMING, GUNS BLAZING wildly.

The tank cuts a bloody path through the Crabs gang, and forces the survivors to scurry into a labyrinth of alleyways.

163 ALLEYWAY

A group of terrified Crabs guys scamper into an alley for safety. They are cut down by one of Maggie's special ambush teams, hidden among the trash cans and refuse.

164 MAGGIE AND THE GIRLS

Maggie now leads the counter-attack, closing for hand-to-hand combat, as Muff ROARS up and down the street, smashing resistance and survivors.

165 NEW ANGLE

Lace surveys the carnage still raging, and then meets Patch's eyes.

PATCH
What are you waiting for?!

LACE
It's gotta be an accident.

PATCH
Well it better happen now!

Lace sees Maggie in the distance. She and Patch sprint after.

166 ANGLE

Seeing his cause lost, and out of ammo, Crabs makes a run for it. Seeing his boss run, Fingers does the same. The fight turns into a rout. Maggie sprints after Crabs.

167 ANGLE

Lace squeezes off a SHOT at the running Maggie. Maggie doesn't even notice as she closes on the fleeing Crabs. == Lace FIRES AGAIN. And misses again. Then her rifle jams.

168 ANGLE

Meanwhile, Muff and her black girls continue to pepper anything that moves with MACHINEGUN FIRE. She BLASTS OUT store windows and sends the innocent bystanders scurrying for their lives. Then she sees Fingers escaping and turns Betsy on him.

169 ANGLE

Fingers is trapped along a brick wall. He runs in one direction and an EXPLOSION of AUTOMATIC FIRE blocks his advance. He turns to run the other way, but AUTOMATIC FIRE blocks that direction, too. Then as he screams, Muff crushes him against the wall with Betsy.

169A NEW ANGLE

Crabs flees down an alleyway to a door -- but the door's locked, and he looks around wildly for an escape. He runs down a stairwell to another door, but it's locked too. He turns to run back up, and instead, faces Maggie at the top of the stairs in silhouette. Her gun points directly at his chest. POLICE SIRENS can be HEARD.

169B ANOTHER ANGLE

Lace and Patch rush up with their weapons, looking very concerned.

In the b.g., the smoke is lifting. Bodies are strewn over the entire area. Muff's black girls are stripping the dead Crabs gang of guns, wallets and knives, hurriedly.

LACE
(worried, to Maggie)
Has he talked?

The SOUND of police SIRENS draw nearer.

MAGGIE
(shoving the kneeling Crabs)
We're just gettin' acquainted.

PATCH
Come on, we gotta go! There's no time!

MAGGIE
(grim)
Not before we get some information.

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(CONTINUED)

169B CONTINUED:

Crabs, on his haunches, sees Lace pull her pistol on Maggie's back. Lace is going to kill Maggie, or Crabs -- it isn't quite clear to Crabs.

Crabs flails suddenly.

CRABS
No wait!

Maggie turns just in time to catch a trace of ambivalence on Lace's face as she lowers her gun.

But Patch BLASTS Crabs in the back with her own gun, knocking him flat and dead, using his sudden movement as an excuse to fire.

169C NEW ANGLE

Maggie turns on Patch.

MAGGIE
You son-of-a-bitch! He was gonna talk!

PATCH
He was going for a knife! He coulda killed you!

MAGGIE
Yeah? Pretty convenient!

Lace tenses for the showdown, her hand again on her gun.

LACE
Whadaya mean 'convenient?'

But before Maggie can answer, there's a loud HONK. Muff and her girls are pulling out.

MUFF
(looking at Lace)
You comin', Maggie?

Lace loosens her grip on the gun.

MAGGIE
(loud)
Yeah, I'll be along!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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169C CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(for Lace)
No reason to hang around now.

Muff drives away.

LACE
She didn't know, Mag. It was a mistake.

Patch gives Lace a disgusted look. Lace tries to touch Maggie's shoulder, but Maggie brushes her away. Crabs' body is left behind in a heap as they split.

CUT TO:

169D thru 169I OMITTED

170 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The beer and wine are flowing freely and the girls are living it up. Several of the girls are painting designs on the walls. It's evident that the girls have worked a strikingly new flavor into the hideout.

A new tone of feminist confidence and affection dominates the scene. Donut spraypaints "THE JEZEBELS" across the entire wall, to applause.

Maggie is in one corner with some of the girls, talking.

MAGGIE
Hittin' Crabs means nothin' if we can't make it happen again and again. We did it for Dom, yea, but we did it for us, too! We're Jezebels now! We're on our own and we gotta be strong!

Excited agreement from the girls.

170A ANOTHER ANGLE

Patch is SEEN talking quietly with a couple of Lace's most faithful followers, who are also among the toughest girls in the gang.

(CONTINUED)

== Script Fly.com ==

170A CONTINUED:

Then Patch moves away to a corner and surveys the crush of girls. She seems nervous.

Bunny, followed by Donut, saunters over to Patch. Bunny has moved into prominence since Maggie's rise. Now she's Maggie's right hand. She's not afraid of Patch, and hever has been.

BUNNY
(needling; nodding toward a door)
Lace been in there all night, Patch. She oughtta join the party. Maybe she's not feelin' well, huh?

DONUT
(me-too grin)
Yea, maybe she's been givin' too many orders and it made her sick.

PATCH
(withering; to Donut)
I'll tell her you asked for her.

Bunny and Donut walk away, Donut with a smug grin. Patch steams. Then, exasperated, she heads for the door -- cutting through the crowd toward Dominic's room.

CUT TO:

171 INT. DOMINIC'S HIDEOUT ROOM - NIGHT

Lace is sitting in front of the mirror in Dominic's room. Her eyes scan the room, filled with Dominic's things which haven't yet been removed. Much to remember here, and Lace is deeply moved.

Her eyes finally halt on the lower corner of the mirror, where a strip of cheap photo-machine snapshots protrudes from the wooden frame. Each of the shots is Dominic and Lace in happier days, mugging for the camera with outlandish faces and grins.

That's the clincher; Lace can't tear away from it. The hint of a tear makes her eye glisten, but her face remains stoic.

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171A ANOTHER ANGLE

The door behind Lace opens and Patch enters the semi-darkness. Patch closes the door again and the party noises are sealed out. Lace watches her approach in the mirror.

PATCH
(worried, irritated)
Lace, come on! I've set it all up! What're you doing?

Lace studies the strip of photos in the mirror.

LACE
I remember the day we took these.

PATCH
Lace, please, either we take Maggie now or we're finished!

Lace hears but tries to block it out.

LACE
It rained. And afterwards, Dom had some money, so we --

Patch grabs Lace forcefully by the shoulders.

PATCH
(voice rising)
Dom is dead! Will you listen to me? It's not gonna blow over this time. Maggie knows.

LACE
(snapping out of it)
She don't know nothin'!

PATCH
She saw me pull the trigger. The girls follow her.

LACE
(sharply)
They follow me!

PATCH
Maybe. There's one way to find out.
(leans in close)
Maggie's settin' me up for the fall, Lace. And I ain't goin' down alone.

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(CONTINUED)

171A CONTINUED:

Silence as Lace realizes that she's being threatened. A long beat. A fierce glint replaces the glisten in Lace's eye.

LACE
(sardonic)
That's what friends are for, huh Patch?

PATCH
You're the one with friends. You tell me.

LACE
You handle your end, and I'll handle mine.

Lace finally buckles on her wristguard. Patch notices Lace's hair.

PATCH
Look at your hair, it's a mess.
(starts to brush Lace's hair)
By the way, you never told me what you were gonna name the kid.

Patch and Lace lock eyes in the mirror. Lace is building to white heat, and Patch just keeps stoking.

CUT TO:

172 INT. GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Lace emerges from Dominic's room into the party, which is in full swing. A moment later, Patch follows.

Lace is greeted by several of the girls as she makes her way to the beer. She pops open a can, as she watches a couple of the drunk girls dance with each other to LOUD RADIO VIBES.

As the party continues, Lace sips the beer, waves to some of the girls, then scans the room for Patch. Lace signals Patch with her eyes, then turns away.

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172A ANGLE ON PATCH

Patch, the signal given, passes it with her eyes to the two pro-Lace toughs.

173 NEW ANGLE

As Lace waits for Patch's response, Donut passes her.

LACE
(very friendly)
Donut! Heard you were lookin' for me.

Donut stops, nervous and suspicious. Her bravado evaporates.

DONUT
Oh... hello, Lace.

LACE
Listen, Donut, we're friends, ain't we?

DONUT
Yeah, sure, Lace.

Lace holds out her beer can.

LACE
(hard)
Then get me a beer...
(sneer)
... friend.

Donut hesitates and Lace gives her a sharp shove. Donut grimly hands her beer to Lace, who grins; then Donut slinks off, disturbed.

Lace gets the "go" sign from Patch and her two or three followers.

Lace saunters over and sits down next to Maggie, who watches her approach with a cautious smile.

174 LACE AND MAGGIE

Lace puts her arm around Maggie, then moves it slowly across her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

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174 CONTINUED:

LACE
Hey, hero, why so glum?

MAGGIE
Thinkin'.

LACE
Come on, Maggie, loosen up!

MAGGIE
(beat)
Patch didn't kill Crabs by accident. She was gonna do it all along.

LACE
Patch? Why would she do a thing like that?

MAGGIE
I dunno.
(then a piercing glance at Lace)
Do you?

Lace shakes her head with a phony, "you've got to be joking" grin. Then she pulls Maggie to her feet. Lace wraps her arm around Maggie and whistles loudly for silence. The girls taper off to let Lace speak. Lace is sincere, smiling, firm.

LACE
Hey, listen up for a second! I got a surprise! Maggie and me here been through a lotta scrapes together the last few weeks. I figure all of us owe her something, each in her own special way. Me? I owe Maggie more than any of you. And so, I just wanna say to everyone that our own little Maggie here... is a fuckin' traitor.

Stunned silence.

Then, Maggie, enraged, tries to pull away, but Lace has her head in an armlock, and smashes her fist into Maggie's face.

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175 ANOTHER ANGLE

Patch and her goons jump Maggie and wrestle her to the floor. It all happens too fast for the rest of the girls to resist.

LACE
She spilled our attack plan to Crabs and got Dom killed! Then she tried to take over the gang. It was an ambush, she set the whole thing up!

BUNNY
That can't be true! Nobody fought better than her! She tried to help Dominic. She saved your ass!

PATCH
She saved Lace to cover the set-up. She was Crabs' girl all along, we checked.

BUNNY
I don't believe it.

The girls are buzzing, half anger, half fear. Lace turns on Donut.

LACE
(piercing stare)
You knew it, too, didn't you, Donut? Maggie squealed.

Donut is caught completely by surprise. She's intimidated, but wants to resist it, and fumbles.

DONUT
(stammering)
Well, yeah, I guess so, Lace. I mean, I guess I remember. Sure.

PATCH
(driving home)
And that's how she got the Medallion so easy that time, wasn't it? Crabs gave it to her!

DONUT
(stumbling)
Well, I dunno, I guess so...

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(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

Rising doubt among the girls as they murmur.

Patch shakes some of the faith in Maggie, because she makes just enough sense about the Medallion.

176 NEW ANGLE

But Maggie, pinned on the floor, shouts frantically.

MAGGIE
Lace, I didn't do it, lemme up!

The toughs begin to brutally gag Maggie.

BUNNY
(the hint of a threat)
No, let her talk!

LACE
(trying to quash it)
She'll talk all right, and she'll tell the truth.

Lace nods to Patch who tears the blouse from Maggie's midriff, revealing Maggie's navel.

176A EXT. GANG HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Police patrol cars and a paddywagon are pulling up and disgorging police in riot gear. The operation is done quietly, without sirens. Parker is standing next to his patrol car, talking with several other officers, and giving arm directions. In flak jacket and helmet, toting a walkie-talkie, Rizzo half-sprints, half-crouches away from the gang hideout and approaches Parker. LOW SQUAWKING from the car radios.

RIZZO
We've covered all the exits. They're fighting among themselves. That should keep them distracted long enough to get us inside.

PARKER
Great. We don't make the bust till the fight's over. If someone gets killed, at least that charge'll stick. Let's go.

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176A CONTINUED:

Parker nods to several other officers, and a phalanx of heavily armed police make their way toward the hideout at a trot.

177 NEW ANGLE

Lace takes a lit cigarette from one of Patch's girls and stands it on end in Maggie's navel. The tip burns down toward Maggie's belly.

MAGGIE
(struggling away from the gag, anger rises)
It was you, wasn't it? It was you and Patch, all the time!

LACE
(slapping Maggie)
Shut your mouth! Lies ain't gonna help you now!

MAGGIE
You made me think it was my fault just to cover up your own shit!

178 NEW ANGLE

Bunny and the gang girls watch silently, their loyalties torn.

179 NEW ANGLE

The top of the cigarette sears into Maggie's belly, and she begins to twist and scream, blending pain with rage.

180 OMITTED

181 NEW ANGLE

Then, deciding, Bunny reaches down and swats the burning cigarette from Maggie's stomach.

Maggie curls up and moans as Patch's girls let her go, shoved aside by some of the gang girls backing Bunny.

(CONTINUED)

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181 CONTINUED:

Lace's eyes are on fire, but Bunny is no longer intimidated.

BUNNY
(firmly)
We've had enough.

LACE
When I say so!

BUNNY
You lied, Lace. And you made Donut lie.

DONUT
(nervously switching sides)
Yeah, I didn't mean it! They made me!

PATCH
You fat little lump of jelly...

Donut backs away toward Bunny. Lace raises her knife with a menacing smile.

LACE
As long as I'm the boss, I tell the truth, understand? You follow me till someone has the guts to knock me off. Who wants to try it, huh? Donut? You could lose a few pounds. Bunny? You'd look nice with a scar. Come on, who wants to try?

Bunny weakens. She doesn't want to tangle with Lace, who's a born streetfighter. But then, from the floor --

MAGGIE
I do! You're a liar and you ain't fit to lead! And I'm gonna knock you off your fucking throne right now!

Bruised and beaten, Maggie has an anger in her face that's never been there before. But Lace accepts the challenge with a grin. Lace nods to Patch who tosses her knife to Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

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181 CONTINUED: (2)

LACE
Well, come on, Maggie, don't be shy! You were never shy with Dom!

182 NEW ANGLE

In the semi-darkness, Lace and Maggie square off in ritual preparation. They twist their shirts around one arm as a shield. In the other hand, they carry a knife.

Bunny nods and the two girls begin circling each other as the fight begins.

183 NEW ANGLE

Lace probes and feints with her knife, taunting Maggie.

184 NEW ANGLE

Maggie hangs back, studying Lace's style.

MAGGIE
You killed your own man cause you couldn't cut it!

LACE
I'd kill him again to keep him from you, bitch!

MAGGIE
You couldn't hang on to your man. He was dumpin' you!

LACE
No man ever dumps me, bitch. I never let go!

185 OMITTED

186 NEW ANGLE

Lace slices into Maggie's arm, drawing a stream of blood. Both girls are sweating profusely. Both are showing the cuts and bruises of the struggle. Lace is noticeably more disturbed.

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187 NEW ANGLE

The rest of the girls have their rifles slung around their shoulders. As Patch watches the fight, she fingers her gun nervously.

188 NEW ANGLE

Lace lunges again. Maggie yanks Lace forward, and knees her in the stomach, dropping her to the ground.

189 NEW ANGLE

Patch goes for her gun, but hears the click of another rifle. Donut is pointing a rifle at Patch.

DONUT
(nervously)
Now, Patch, I don't wanna hurt you, but you'd better put it down.

Patch does, reluctantly. Lace will have to fend for herself.

190 NEW ANGLE

Lace rolls over and kicks Maggie in the chest as Maggie drops her.

Maggie loses her knife and crawls for it, but Lace is up and kicks Maggie in the face, then hurls the chain away.

Now Lace has the advantage, as Maggie is still groggy. Lace backs off triumphantly, and taunts Maggie.

LACE
Come on, bitch! Come and get it!

191 NEW ANGLE

As Lace grins, Maggie's strength returns. She gets up and runs at Lace, head-ramming into her chest. The two girls roll off into the shadows and struggle fiercely.

192 NEW ANGLE

Suddenly, there's a sharp cry, and a groan, and one of the figures slumps. For a moment, it isn't clear who's won. Then, stumbling out of the shadows, Maggie appears, covered with blood.

193 NEW ANGLE

Patch runs to Lace's body.

194 NEW ANGLE

The police have reached their positions in the shadows. Parker signals Rizzo and Rizzo hits a switch that bathes the entire hideout in stark, blinding light. Parker talks into the bullhorn.

PARKER
This is the police. Throw down your weapons and put your hands above your heads. Step away from the body.

194A NEW ANGLE

In the harsh light, Bunny and some of the girls go for their guns. Maggie stops them.

MAGGIE
No. That's what they want.

Maggie nods to the girls to put their weapons down. They comply.

195 NEW ANGLE

A few moments have passed. A COP collects the weapons in a pile. The girls are surrounded by police who are clicking handcuffs on each of them and shackling them all together with a long chain.

196 NEW ANGLE

Patch is yanked away from Lace's body by a Police Officer.

197 NEW ANGLE

Rizzo approaches Maggie, glancing at Lace's body.

RIZZO
You got away with Crabs and the roller rink, honey, but this time you went a little too far.

Rizzo is tired, he knows the score. They'll never admit a thing. All the girls voice their complete innocence.

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(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

PARKER
(a glance to Lace's body)
Yeah, it's murder this time, honey. This time we play by my rules. You're nobody now.

MAGGIE
(intense)
We're The Jezebels, fatso. Remember that name.

Rizzo turns to Bunny, as handcuffs are clicked on her.

RIZZO
I thought there weren't any gangs around here. What about you?

BUNNY
(darkly)
Jezebels.

Then to Donut as handcuffs click again.

PARKER
What about you?

DONUT
Jezebel!

198 NEW ANGLE

Then Rizzo turns to Patch.

RIZZO
What about you?

But before Patch can answer, Maggie snaps firmly.

MAGGIE
She ain't one of us.

A moment of tension as Patch scans the faces of the gang for support.

PATCH
Sure I am, I always been!

(CONTINUED)

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198 CONTINUED:

BUNNY
She ain't one of us.

Murmurs of "Don't know her" and "Never seen her before" from the girls, and Patch realizes, to her horror, that she's lost everything. She is stunned and speechless. Rizzo cuts her out from the other girls and handcuffs her.

CUT TO:

199 EXT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The red pulse of a police strobe. The girls are herded into the paddy wagon shouting "I want my lawyer," and "police brutality." Rizzo meanwhile stops Maggie as she's about to climb in.

RIZZO
Lemme give you some advice.

MAGGIE
Lemme give you some advice, cop. You can beat us and chain us and book us, but we're gonna come back, understand? And when we do, cop, you better have your ass off my turf or I'll blow it off, dig?

Rizzo shoves her into the paddy wagon.

MAGGIE
(continuing)
We're The Jezebels, cop, and remember the name, we'll be back!

Rizzo closes the door cutting Maggie off. But as the paddy wagon pulls away, through the window, Maggie raises her hand in a power-fist salute.

200 OMITTED

FREEZE AND FADE.

THE END

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